

LVCAN'S
PHARSALIA:

OR
THE CIVILL
Warres of Rome, be-
twene POMPEY the
great, and IULIUS
CESAR.

The three first Bookes.

Translated into English
by T. M.

LONDON.

Printed by I. N. & A. M. and are to
be sold by *Math: Low* at the signe of
the Fox nere *Saint Austens gate*. 1626.

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PHARSAIA:

OR

THE CIVIL

WAR OF JERUSALEM

between the

grecians



The British Museum

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LVCANS

Pharsalia.

The first Booke.

The argument of the first Booke.

*The fatal causes of this warre are shewne
Enraged Cæsar passes Rubicon,
Invades Arim'num, where to him from Rome
Curio, and both the banish'd Tribunes come
With new incitements to these ciuill Warres,
Cæsar's Oration to his Souldiers,
Bold Lælius protestation, which by all
The rest confirmed makes the Generall
Draw out from euery part of France at once
His now dispers'd, and wintring Legions.
Rome's feare, great Pompey with the Senate, flies;
Heauen, ayre, and earth are fill'd with prodigies.
The Prophets thence, and learned Augurs show
The wrath of heauen, and Romes ensuing woe.*



*Arres more then ciuill on Æmathian plaines
We sing; rage licens'd; where great Rome
distaines*

*In her owne bowels her victorious swords
Where kindred hoasts encounter, all accords
Of Empire broke: where arm'd to impious warre
The strength of all the shaken world from farre
Is met; knowne Ensignes Ensignes doe descie,
Piles (4) against Piles, 'gainst Eagles Eagles fly.*

What fury, Countrey-men, what madnesse cou'd
 Moue you to feast your foes with Roman blood?
 And choose such warres, as could no triumphs yeeld,
 Whilst yet proud Babylon vnconquer'd held
 The boasting Trophæes of a Roman host,
 And vnreunged wander'd *Crassus* (b) Ghost?
 Alas, what Seas, what Lands might you haue tane,
 With that bloods losse, which ciuill hâds haue drawne?
 Yurs had been *Titans* rising, yours his sett,
 The Kingdomes scorched in Meridian heate,
 And those, where winter, which no spring can ease,
 With lasting cold dorth glaze the Scythian seas,
 The *Seres* yours, the wilde *Araxis* too,
 And those, that see Niles spring, if any doe.
 Then 'gainst thy selfe, if warre so wicked, Rome,
 Thou loue, when all the world is ouercome,
 Turne back thy hand: thou did'st not want a Foe.

But now that walles of halfe-fall'n houses so
 Hang in Italian Townes, vast stones we see
 Of ruin'd walls, whole houses empty be,
 And ancient Townes are not inhabited;
 That vntill'd Italy's with weedes orespred,
 And the neglected Plowes want labouring hands,
 Not thou fierce *Pirrhus*, nor the Punicke Bands
 This wast haue made; no Sword could reach so farre,
 Deepe peirce the wounds receiu'd in ciuill warre.

But if no other way to *Neroes* reigne
 The Fates could finde, if gods their Crownes obtaine
 At such deare rates, and Heaven could not obey
 Her *Ioue*, but after the sterne Giants fray;
 Now we complaine not, gods, mischeife, and warre
 Pleasing to vs, since so rewarded are;
 Let dire *Pharsalia* grone with armed Hoasts,
 And glut with blood the Carthaginian Ghosts:
 With these let *Munda* (c) fatall Battle goe,
Mutina (d) Siedge, *Perusias* (e) famine too:

To these add *Scythia* (f) *Sextus* slavish Fleete,
And neere *Sicilia* (g) *Sextus* slavish Fleete,
Yet much owes Rome to ciuill enmity
For making thee our Prince; when thou the sky
Though late, shalt clime, & change thine earthly reigne,
Heauen, as much grac'd, with ioy shall entertaine,
And welcome thee, whither thou wouldst put on
Ioues Crowne, or ride in *Phæbus* burning Throne,
(Earth will not feare the change) thence maist thou shine
Downe on thy World; to thee all Powers diuine
Will yeild, and Nature to thy choise will giue
What god to be, or where in Heauen to liue.
But neere the Northern Beare oh doe not reigne,
Nor crosse the point of the Meridian,
From whence obliquely thou shouldst Rome behold;
If all thy weight one part of Heauen should hold,
The Honour'd load would bow heauens Axeltree;
Hold thou the middle of the poized Sky:
Let all the Aire betweene transparent be,
And no darke Cloud twixt vs, and *Cæsar* fly.
Then let Mankinde forget all warre and strife,
And euery Nation loue a peacefull life.
Let Peace through all the worlde in this blest state
Once more shut warre like *Ianus* Iron gate.
Oh be my god: If thou this breast inspire,
Not *Phæbus* Ile from *Cyrtha's* shades desire,
Nor *Nysa's Bacchus*; *Cæsar* can infuse
Vertue enough into a Roman muse.

The cause of these great actions Ile declare,
And ope a mighty worke, what drew to warre
Our furious People, and the World beside,
Fates enuious course, continuance still deny'd
To mighty States, who greatest falles still feare,
And Rome not able her owne weight to beare,
So when the knot of Nature is dissolu'd,
And the worlds Ages in one hower inuolu'd

In their old Chaos, Seas with Ayres shall ioyne,
And Starres with Starres confounded loose their shine:
The Earth no longer shall extend her shore
To keepe the Ocean out: the Moone no more
Follow the Sunne, but scornng her old way
Crosse him, and claime the guidance of the day.
The falling worlds now iarring frame no peace,
No league shall hold; great things themselves oppresse.
The godds this bound to growing states haue set;
But to no forreine armes would Fortune yet
Lend her owne Enuy ore great Rome that awes
Both Land and Sea; shee's her owne ruines cause
Subiected ioyntly to three (b) Lords; how ill
Prooue shared rules accords, and satall, still
Ambition-blinded Lords, what's th^r happinesse
To mixe your powers, and ioyntly th^e earth possesse?
Whilest Land the Sea, and Ayre the land shall bound,
Whilest labouring Titan runnes his glorious round,
And through twelue heavenly signes night follows day,
No faith keepe those, that Kingdomes ioyntly sway;
Rule brookes no sharers; doe not this beleue
In forreine states, Rome can examples giue.
A brothers blood did our first walles distaine;
Nor was the spacious earth and wary maine:
This mischiefes price: a refuge for theeuers fledd,
A little house this brothers hatred bredd.

This iarring concord lasted for a space
Dissembled twixt the two: for *Crassus* was
The Warres sole let; like that small necke of land,
That in the middst of two great Seas doos stand,
And will not let them ioyne; that tane away,
Straight the Ionian meets the Aegean Sea:
So when warre-parring *Crassus* sadly flaine
With Romane blood did Asian Charan staine,
That Parthian losse to homebred rage gaue reines;
More then you thinke, you did fire Parthians

That

That day : our ciuill warre your conquer wrought
And now Romes Empire by the sword is sought :
That State, that mistresse ore the World did reigne,
Rulde Land and Sea, yet could not two containe.
For *Iulia's* (i) death, whom cruell Fates before
Had slaine, the pledge of their alliance bore
Downe to her graue ; if Fate had spar'd her life,
Her furious husband, and sterne fathers strife
She had composde, and made their armed hands
Let fall their swords, and ioyne in friendships bands :
As once the Sabin women enterposde
Their fires and husbands bloudy jarres composde.

Thy death, faire *Iulius*, breakes off all accords,
And giues them leaue againe to draw their swords :
On both sides powerfull emulation beares
On their ambitious spirits : great *Pompey* feares
That his piraticke Laurell should giue place
To conquerde France, and *Casars* deedes deface
His ancient triumphs ; fortunes constant grace
Makes him impatient of a second place ;
Nor now can *Cesar* a superiour brooke,
Nor *Pompey* brooke a peere ; who iustlier tooke
Vp armes, great Iudges differ, heauen approoues
The conquering cause ; the conquerde *Cass* loues
Nor were they equall, one in yeares was growne,
And long accustomed to a peacefull gowne
Had now forgot the Soldier : Fame he bought
By bounty to the people : and much sought
For popular praise ; his Theaters loud shout
Was his delight ; new strength he sought not out,
Relying on his ancient fortunes fame,
And stood the shadow of a glorious name.
As an old lostie Oake, that heretofore
Great Conquerours spoiles, and sacred Trophies bore,
Stands firme by his owne weight, his roote now dead,
And through the Aire his naked boughes does spread,

And with his trunk, not leaves, a shadow makes :
Hee, though each blast of Easterne wind him shakes,
And round about well rooted Trees doe grow,
Is onely honour'd ; but in *Cæsar* now
Remaines not only a great Generall's name,
But restless valour, and in warre a shame
Not to be Conquerour ; fierce, not curb'd at all,
Ready to fight, where hope, or anger call
His forward Sword, confident of successe,
And bold the fauour of the gods to presse :
Orethrowing all that his ambition stay,
And loues that ruine should enforce his way ;
As lightning by the winde forc'd from a cloude
Breakes through the wounded aire with thunder loude,
Disturbs the day, the people terrifies,
And by a light oblique dazels our eyes,
Not *Ioue's* owne Temple spares it ; when no force
No barre can hinder his preuailing course,
Great wast, as forth it falls, and retires,
It makes, and gathers his dispersed fires.

These causes moou'd the Cheifes, and such as are
In mighty states the common seedes of warre.
For since our Chests the conquer'd world had fill'd
Too full, and vertue did to riches yeild,
Since spoiles, and warrelike rapine taught vs riot,
Excesse in Plate, in buildings reignes ; the dyer
Of former times wee scorne ; that soft attire,
That Women were a sham'd of, Men desire,
Strength breeding pouerty is fled, and nought
But wealth from all the spoiled world is sought,
The bane of States ; those Landes encreas'd they hold
In th' hands of vnkowne Tenants, which of old
Camilus plow share wounded, and the hands
Of th' ancient *Curi* till'd ; the state now stands
Not as of old, when men from avarice free
Could liue in peace, and wisht but liberty.

Hence

Hence quarrells grow ; what pouerty esteem'd
A vild offence : now's greatest honour deem'd,
By Sword our Countreys power in curbe to hold :
Might measures right : Lawes and decrees are sold,
Consuls and Tribunes iarres all right suppress,
Fasees are bought, the peoples suffrages
Corruptly sought, and given ; hence bloody iarres
Oft staine elections in the field of *Mars* :
So griping Vsury growes, so faith is lost,
And ciuill warre as gainefull sought by most.

By this time *Cæsar* the cold Alpes orepass,
In his great thoughts the future warre had cast,
And now to Rubicon's small current come,
He dreames the Image of affrighted Rome
With countenance sad through dusky night appears :
On her towre-bearing head her hoary haire
Hung downe all torne, her armes were nak'd, when she
Thus sighing speakes ; oh whither carry yee
My Ensignes Souldiers ? If you come as frinds,
As Roman Citizens, your march here ends. (k)
A suddaine feare straight chilles the Generalls veines,
His haire's with horror rais'd, faintnesse detaines
His stepps vpon the banke ; then thus he prayes :
Thou, *Ioue*, whole eye these Citty walles surceyes
From thy Tarpeian hill : You Deities
Of Troy, and *Romulus* hid misteries,
Thou Latian *Ioue* worshippt on ih' Alban mount
You Vestall fires, and Rome, whom I account
My greatest God ; blesse this attempt ; not thee
Doe I inuade : Conquerour by land and sea
Thy *Cæsar* comes, thy Soldier still : Be hee
He in the fault, that caus'd this enmity.
Then brooking no delay, the streame showre-swell'd
He marches ore ; so in a Libyan field
A Lion veiwing his sterne foe at hand,
Till he collect his ire doth doubtfull stand :

But

But straight when his Tailes swing has made him hott,
And rais'd his shaggy Maine, from his wide throate
Hee roares; then if a Mauritanian Speare,
Or Shaft haue peirc'd his side, voide of all feare
Regardlesse of that wound he rushes on.

Gently along flowes ruddy Rubicon
From a small Spring, when Summer's in her pride,
And gliding through the valley dooes deuide
Gallia from Italy; now Winter lent
Him strength, and *Cynthia* her full hornes had spent
In shewres to raise his flood, and melted snow
The moist East-wind made downe the Alpes to flow.
The Horse-men first passe ore the violent streame,
And take the waters fury, after them
The currents violence being broke before,
The Footemen finde the easier passage ore.
But now when *Cesar* had orecome the flood,
And Italy's forbidden ground had trod,
Here Peace, and broken Lawes I leaue, quoth he,
Farewell all Leagues; Fortune Ile follow thee
No more weele trust: Warre shall determine all
This saide, by night the active Generall
Swifter then Parthian back shot shaft, or stone
From Balearicke Slinger, marches on
T'invade Ariminum; when euery starre
Fled from th'approaching Sunne but Lucifer,
And that day dawn'd; that first these broiles should see,
Either the moist Southwindes, or Heauens decree
With pitchy cloudes darkened the fatall day;
When now the Soldiers by command made stay
I'th Marker place, shrill Trumpets flourish round,
And the hoarse Hornes wicked alarums sound.
With this sad noise the peoples rest was broke,
The Young men rose, and from the Temples tooke
Their Armes, now such as a long peace had mann'de,
And their old bucklers now of leathers bar'de.

Their

Their blunted Piles not of a long time vs'd,
And Swords with th' eatings of black rust abus'd.

The Roman Colours, and knowne Eagles then,
And *Cesar* in the middst high mounted scene,
The Townesmens trembling ioynts for horror faint,
And to themselues they make this sad complaint :
Oh ill built City too neere the Gaule,
Oh sadly situated place; when all
The world haue peace, wee are the spoyle of warre,
And first that are inuaded : happier farre
Might we haue liu'd in farthest North, or East,
Or wandring Tents of Scythia, then possesse
The edge of Italy. This Towne of ours
First felt the furious Gaules, and Cymbrian powers,
Hither the Libyans first, and Germans come,
This is warres way, when Fortune threatens Rome.
Thus silently they mourne, and durst not lend
Their griefe a word, nor teares in publike spend.
As Birds by winters raging cold are still'd,
And the mid-ocean dooes no murmur yeild.
But when bright day dissolu'd the dampes of night,
The Fates new firebrands bring, and stirre to fight
Casars yet doubting minde, leauing no pause
To shame, but Fortune findes him out a cause
Of Armes, and labours to make iust his warre.
The factious Tribunes by the Senate are
Against their sacred priuiledge exil'd,
And by the *Gracchi's* (1) factious names reuil'd.
These now to *Cesar* came, and brought along
With them bold *Curios* (2) mercenary tongue :
That tongue, that once the Peoples, boldly stood
Gainst armed great ones for the publike good.
Hee, when he saw the Generall musing, saide
While this my voice, *Cesar*, thy cause could ayde,
Wee did prorogue, though gainst the Senate's will,
Thy gouernement, while Oratoryes skill

Could

Could turne the wauering Peoples hearts to thee.
But since by warres rough hand Lawes silenc'd be,
Wee are exil'd, and gladly it susteine
To be endeniz'd by thy Sword againe.
Whilst their yet strengthlesse side is only scarr'de,
Use no delay : delay hurts men prepar'de.
A greater price on equall danger heere
Is set ; in Gallia's warre alone ten yeere
Thou hast consum'd : but here, one field well fought,
Rome has the world to thy subiection brought.
Now thy returne from France with victory
No pompous triumph waites : no Bayes for thee
Shall deck the Capitoll ; base enuy's hands
Keepe back thy due : conquest of warre like Lands
Is made a crime in thee , and *Pompey's* pride
Excludes thy rule : nor canst thou now diuide
The world ; the world thou maist possesse alone.
This speech gaue fire to *Caesar* too too prone
Before to warre , so peoples showtes raise more
A fierce Olimpicke Seede striuing before
To force the Lists, and breake the opposing barres.
Straight to the Seandard all his Souldiers
Caesar assembling, 'middst their murmuring noise
Commands a silence with his hand and voice.

Fellowes in Armes, that haue endur'd with me
A thousand dangers, now the tenth yeare free ;
Haue our spent bloods in northern Climes deseru'de
This ; all our wounds, so many winters seru'de
Vnder the Alpes ? not more prouision Rome
Would make for warre, if *Hanniball* were come
Ouer the Alpes : Cohorts they reinforce
Forrests are sell'd for Shipping ; all the force
Of Land and Sea is arm'd gainst *Caesar* now.
What more (had wee beene vanquisht) would they doo,
If the fierce Gaules our flying backes pursu'de,
That dare not wronge us, when our warres conclude

Successefully, and friendly Gods vs call?
 Let the long peace-infeebled Generall
 His *Pyrrhus*, and new rais'd Soldiers bring along;
 Vaine names the *Catoes*, and *Marcellus* tongue,
 Must he with Forreigne, and bought clients be
 Glutted with still continuing soueraignty?
 Can hee triumphant Charriots mount before
 The Years apointed, (*n*) and let goe no more
 Honoures (*o*) vsurp't: why should I now complaine
 Of the lawes breach, and famine (*p*) made for gaine?
 Th' affrighted *forum* (*q*) with arm'd men beset,
 Drawne swords enuironing the Iudgement seat,
 When, 'gainst all Law, *Milo* for murder try'd
Pompey's proude Colours clos'd on euery side?
 Now least his age, though tir'd, a priuate state
 Should end, by impious ciuill warre his hate
 He seekes to glut, scorning but to excell
 His Master *Sylla's* guilt: as Tigers fell, (blood
 Whome their fierce Damme with slaughterd Cattle
 Was wont to nourish in th' Hyrcanian wood,
 Nere loose their fury: so thou *Pompey* vs'd
 To lick the blood that *Sylla's* swords diffus'd,
 Retain'st thy former thirst; neuer againe
 Grow those iawes pure, that blood did once distaine,
 When wilt thou end thy too long tyranny,
 Where bound thy (*r*) guilt? in this at least to thee
 A patterne let thy Master *Sylla* be
 To leaue off such vsurped soueraignty.
 After the Pirates, and tir'd Ponticke King,
 Whose war to end scarce poisons (*s*) helpe could bring,
 Must *Casars* fall *Pompey's* last triumph make,
 Because commanded I did not forsake
 My conquering Army: but if I be barr'd
 My labours meede, let these haue the reward
 Of their long seruice; let these Soldiers all
 Triumph, though vnder any Generall.

Where shall their bloudlesse age after the Warre
Find rest? what Lands shall my old-Soldiers share?
Where shall they plow? where shall their City stand?
Are Pirates, (r) Pompey, worthier of Land?
March on victorious colours, march away:
The strength, that we haue made, we must employ.
He giues the Conquerer all things, that denyes
His due; nor want we ayding Deities,
Nor Spoile these armes doe seeke, nor Soueraignty;
But to free Rome, though bent to slavery.

Thus spake hee: the yet doubting Soldiers
Vncertaine murmurs raise: though fierce with Warres
Long vse, their household gods their minds gan mooue,
And Pietie: but straight the swords dire loue
And feare of *Cæsar* turnde them backe againe.
Lælius the first Files leading did obtaine:
For sauing of a Roman Soldier
Oake-crownd, and freed from duties of the Warre,
If I may speake, Romes greatest Generall,
Thy Soldiers thoughts, quoth he; it grieues vs all
That such long patience kept thee from so iust
A Warre: or didst thou not thine Army trust?
While life bloud keeps this breathing body warme,
While brandisht Darts flye from this agile arme,
Wilt thou weake gownes, and Senates raigne endure?
In ciuill Warre is Conquest so impure?
Lead vs through Libyas gulfes, cold Scythian land,
Lead vs ore thirsty Affrickes scorched sand.
This arme the Conquerde World behind to leaue,
Has plowde the Brittiſh Oceans curled waue,
And broke the Rhines swift Current; thy command
To doe, my wills as ready as my hand.
Hees not my friend, gainst whom thy Trumpets sound.
By these thy Colours, which ten Campes haue found
Euer victorious, *Cæsar*, heere I swear,
And by thy Triumphs, ore what foe so ere,

If thou command me spill my Brothers life,
Kill my old Father, or my pregnant Wife;
Ile doo't, though with a most vnwilling hand;
Fire Temples, rob the Godds at thy command.
Great *Iuno's* Temple in our flames shall sinke:
If to encampe on Tuscan Tybers brinke,
Ile boldly pitch in Italy thy Tent.
If to dismantle Townes be thy intent,
These armes of mine the battring Ramme shall place,
Although the City, thou wouldst quite deface,
Were Rome it selfe. The Souldiers all agree,
And promise him their lifted hands on high
To any warre. Their showt not that can passe,
Which the loud blast of Thracian *Boreas*
On piny *Ossa* makes, and bowes amaine
The ratling wood, or lets it rise againe.

Cesar perceiuing that the Fates gaue way
To warre, and his Men prone, fearing delay,
His Troopes through France dispers'd straight calling
With flying Colours marches on to Rome. (home
They leaue their Tents pitcht by *Lemanus* (>) Lake,
And those on *Vogesus* high Rockes forsake,
Which aw'de the painted *Lingones* so strong.
Isara's Fords they leaue, that runnes so long
Alone; but in a Riuer of more fame
Falling, to'th Ocean beares an other name.
The yellow *Ruthens* eas'de of their long feare:
Milde Arax ioyes no Roman shippes to beare:
And *Varus* Italyes encreased bound.
That *Hauen Alcides* consecrated ground
With Clifffes orelookes the Sea; no Northwest winde,
Nor West blow there: *Circius* their proper winde
Reignes there, where safe *Alcides* fort dooes stand.
And that still doubtfull coast, that Sea and Land
Challenge by turnes: firme land it is when low
The Ocean ebbes, but sea at euery flow.

Whither the winde strong blowing from the Pole,
 And then retiring, to and fro doe rowle
 The Sea : or that the Moone his course doe guide :
 Or burning *Titan* moist soode to provide,
 Attracting lift the Ocean to the sky,
 Seeke you that labour for such skill : for me,
 What ere thou be that cause this ebbe and flow,
 Be still conceal'd, since heauen will haue it so.
 They march away that *Nemusus* did hold,
 And *Adonis* bankes, where *Tarbe* does enfold
 In her crookt shore the sea that gently flowes,
 The *Santoni* reioyce now free'd from foes :
 Th'*Leuci* and *Rhemi* Archers good ; with these
 Th'*Bituriges*, and *Speare-arm'd* *Suessones*,
 The dwellers neere *Sequana* skilfull riders,
 The *Belgae* hooke-arm'd Chariots expert guiders,
 Sprung from the *Troian* blood the *Hedui*,
 That durst claime brotherhood of *Italy*.
Rebellious Neruians (x) stain'd with *Cotta's* fate
 And they that in loose Mantles imitate
Sarmatia ; fierce *Batauians*, whom to warre
 Crookt Trumpets call ; those that neere *Cinga* are,
 Where *Araris* with *Rhodanus* now met
 Runnes ioyn'd into the Sea ; the men whose seate
 Is on *Gebenna* mount couer'd with snow.
 The *Pistones* now free their fields can plow,
 The fickle *Turones* are not restrain'd
 By garrison ; the *Andian* now disdain'd
 To pine in *Medua's* thick fogges : but goes
 For pleasure, where delightfull *Liger* flowes,
 Faire *Genabos* is free'd from garrison ;
Treuer is glad the warre from thence is gon :
 The *Ligures* now shorne, once like the rest
 Long haird, of all the vnshorne *Gaules* the best :
 And where with offerings stain'd of humaine blood
Hermes and *Jars* their cruell Altars stood,

And *Joues* that vile as Scythian Dian's are.
Then you that valiant foules, and slaine in warre
Doe celebrate with praise that neuer dyes,
You Bards securely sung your Elegyes,
You Druides now free'd from warre mainteine
Your barbarous rites, and Sacrifice againe,
You what heaven is, and gods alone can tell,
Or else alone are ignorant; you dwell
In vast, and desert woods: you teach no spirit
Plutoes pale kingdome can by death inherit:
They in an other world informe againe:
Death long life's middle is (if you mainteine
The truth) the Northerne people happy are
In this their errour, whome feare greatest farre
Of all feares iniures not, the feare of death;
Thence are they prone to warre: nor losse of breath
Esteeme: nor spare a life that comes againe,
They that the haire'd *Cayes* did conteine
In their obedience, marching now to Rome (come,
From Rhines rude bankes, and new found country
When *Cæsar*'s now collected strength had bred
More lofty hopes; through Italy he spred
His troopes, and all the neighbouring Cities seiz'de,
Then idle rumours their true feares encreas'de,
And peirc'd the peoples hearts; swift fame gan show
The warre's approach, and their ensuing woe,
Then every tongue a false alarum yeilds:
Some dare report that on the pasture feilds
Of faire Mevania is the warre begunne,
And bloody *Cæsar*'s barbarous Cohorts runne
Where Vmbrian Nar dooes into Tyber flow:
That all his Eagles, and ioy'd Standards now
With a vast strength make furious approach:
Nor doe they now suppose him to be such,
As once they saw him: fiercer farre then so
They thinke, and saudge as his conquer'd foe:

That all the inhabitants twixt th' Alpes and Rhine
Drawne from their countries and cold Northerne clime
Follow : and Rome (a Roman looking on)
By Barbarous hands shall fall ; thus euery one
By feare giues strength to Fame : no author knowne,
They feare what they suppose : but not alone
The people dooes this vaine surmise deceiue :
The Senate shakes ; the affrighted Fathers leaue
Their seats : and flying to the Consuls giue
Directions for the Warre ; Where safe to liue,
What place t'auoide they know not : whither ere
Their suddaine wits direct their steps, they beare
Th'amazed people forth in troopes : whom nought
So long had stirr'de : a man would then haue thought
The Citie fir'de or th'houses suddaine fall
By earthquake threatned : the madd people all
With hasty steppes so vnaduised runne,
As if no way at all were left to shunne
Their imminent, and feard destruction,
But to forsake their habitation :
As when rough Sea's by stormy *Auster* blowne
From Libya's Sands, haue broke the maine-mast downe,
Master and Mariners their Ship forsake
Not torne as yet, leape into th'Sea, and make
Themselues a Shipwracke : so from th'City they
Fly into warre : no Sire his Sonne can stay,
No weeping wife her husband can perswade :
No nor their household gods, till they haue made
Vowes for their safety ; none an eye dares cast
Backe on lou'd Rome, although perhaps his last.
Irreuocably doe the people flye.

You gods that easily giue prosperity,
But not maintaine it, that great city fill'd
With natiue soules, and conquer'd ; that would yeeld
Mankinde a dwelling : is abandon'd now
An easie prey to *Cæsar* when a foe

Beginns our Souldiers in a forreine Land,
One little trench nights danger can withstand ;
A suddaine worke rayd out of earth endures
The foes assault , the encamped's sleepe secures.
Thou Rome, a warre but noysd, art left by all,
Not one nights safety trusted to thy wall.
But pardon their amaze; when *Pompey* flies,
Tis time to feare ; then lest their hearts should rise
With hope of future good, sad augury bodes
A worse ensuing fate: the threatning gods
Fill heauen, and earth, and sea with prodigies.
Vnheard-of Starres by night adorne the skies :
Heauen seemes to flame, and through the Welkin fire
Obliquely flies : state-changing comets dire
Display to vs their bloud portending haire :
Deceitfull lightnings flash in clearest ayre,
Strange formed Meteors the thicke ayre had bred
Like lauelins long, like lampes more broadly spread.
Lightning without one cracke of thunder brings
From the cold North his winged fires, and flings
Them 'gainst our Capitoll : small starres, that vse
Onely by night, their lustre to diffuse,
Now shine in midst of day : *Cynthia* bright
In her full orbe, like *Phebus*, at the sight
Of earths blacke shades eclipses : *Titan* hides,
(When mounted in the middest of heauen he rides)
In cloudes his burning Chariot, to enfold
The World in darkenesse quite : day to behold,
No Nation hopes: as once backe to the East
He fled at sight of sad *Thyestes* feast.
Fierce *Vulcan* opes Sicilian *Aetna's* throat,
But to the sky her flames she belches not,
But on th'Italian shore obliquely flings,
Bloud from her bottome blacke Charybdis brings :
Sadlyer barke *Scyllaes* doggs then they were wont :
The Vestall fire goes out : on th'Alban mount

Jones sacrificing fire it selfe diuides
 Into two parts, and rises on two sides,
 Like the two Theban Princes funerall fires, (spires
 Earth opes her threatning iawes : th'Alpes nodding
 Shake off their snow : *Theris* does higher now
 Twixt Libyan Atlas, and Spaines Calpe flow.
 The natiue gods did weepe : *Romines* certaine thrall
 The lares sweating shew'd : the offerings fall
 Downe in the Temples : and (as we haue heard)
 Nights fatall Birds in midst of day appear'd :
 Wilde Beasts at midnight from the deserts come,
 And take bold lodging in the streets of Rome,
 Beasts make with mens articulate voice their mone ;
 Births monstrous both in limmes proportion,
 And number ; mothers their owne infants fear'd :
Sybilla's fatall lines were sung and heard
 Among the people : and with bloody armes (charmes,
Cybel's head-shaking Priests pronounc'd their
 I th' peoples eares howling a baleful mone :
 And Ghosts from out their quiet urnes did grone,
 Clashing of armour, and loude showtes they heare
 In desert groues, and threatning Ghosts appeare.
 The dwellers neere without the City wall
 Fled : fierce *Erynus* had encompass all
 The Towne : her snaky haire, and burning brand
 Shaking : as when she rul'd *Agave's* hand,
 Or the selfe-maim'd *Lycurgus* : such was she,
 Who once, when sent by *Iuno's* cruelty,
 Great *Hercules* (new come from Hell did fright :
 Shrill Trumpets sounded, dismall ayres of night
 That horrid noise, that meeting Armies yeild,
 Did then present : in midst of *Mars* his field
 Rose *Sylla's* ghost, and woes ensuing told :
 Plowmen neere *Aniens* streames *Marinus* behold
 Rise from his Sepulchre, and fly appall'd.
 For these things were the Tuscan Prophets call'd

As custome was : the sagest of them all
 Dwelt in Etrurian *Luna's* desert wall
Aruns, that lightnings motion vnderstands,
 Birds flight, and entrailes op'te : he first commands
 Those monstrous birthes, that from no seede did come,
 But horrid issues of a barren wombe,
 To be consum'd in fire : then all the Towne
 To be encompass't in procession :
 Th'high Priests (whose charge it is) he next doth yuge
 The City walles with hallowed rites to purge
 Through their whole circuit : following after these
 Th'inferiour Priests attir'd Gabinian wise :
 The Vestall Maides with their vail'd Sister come,
 That only may see Troyes Palladium :
 Then those that *Sibyll's* secre verses keepe,
 And *Cybel'* yearly in still Almon sleepe :
Septemviri that gouerne sacrest Feasts ;
 The learned Augurs, and *Apollones* Priests :
 The noble *Flamen*, *Salius* that beares
 On his glad neck the Target of great *Mars*
 Whilst they the Towne compasse in winding tracts,
Aruns the Lightnings dispers'd fire collects,
 And into th'earth with a sad murmure flinges :
 Then names the places, and to th'altar brings
 A chosen Bull : then wine betwixt his hornes
 He powres, and sprinkles ore with Salt and Corne
 His knife the Bull impatient long denyes
 Himselfe to so abhor'd a Sacrifice.
 But by the girded Sacrificers strength
 Hanging vpon his hornes, overcome at length
 Bending his knees holds forth his conquer'd neck ;
 Nor did pure blood come out, but poison black
 Instead of blood, from the wound open'd flies :
Aruns grew pale at this sad Sacrifice,
 And the gods wrath he in the Entrailes seekes,
 Whose colour scar'd him : pale they were with streakes

Of blacke : th'infected blood congealed shewes
 (Sprinkled with different palenesse) various,
 The liuer putrifide, on th'hostile side
 Were threatening veines : the lungs their fillets hide :
 A narrow line diuides the vitall parts :
 The heart lyes still, and corrupt matter starts
 Through gaping clefts : no part oth' caule is hid :
 And that which neuer without danger did
 Appeare, on th'entrailes was a double head,
 One head was sicke, feeble, and languished :
 The other quicke his pulses nimble beates.
 By this when he perceiue what woe the Fates
 Prepar'd, he cri'd aloud, all that you doe
 O gods, I must not to the people show :
 Nor with this haplesse sacrifice can I
 Great *Iupiter* thy anger pacifie :
 The blacke infernall deities appeare
 In th'entrailes : woes vnspeakable we feare,
 But greater will ensue : you gods lend ayde,
 And let no credit to our Art be had,
 And counted *Tages* fiction : thus with long
 Ambages darkly the old Tuscan sung.

But *Figulus*, whose care it was aright
 To know the gods and heauens : to whom for sight
 Of planets, and the motion of each starre,
 Not great Egyptian *Memphis* might compare,
 Either no lawes direct the world, quoth he,
 And all the starres doe moue vncertainly ;
 Or if Fates rule, a swift destruction
 Threatens mankind, and th'earth ; shall Cities downe
 By earthquakes swallow'd be ? intemperately
 Shall ayre grow hott ? false earth her seedes deny ?
 Or shall the waters poyson'd be ? what kinde
 Of ruine is it gods, what mischiefes finde
 Your cruelties ? many dire aspects meete,
 If *Saturne* could in midst of heauen should sit

Aquarius would *Deneb* flood haue bred,
 And all the earth with waters ouerspred;
 If *Sol* should mount the Nemean Lions backe,
 In flames would all the worlds whole fabrick cracke,
 And all the sky with *Sol's* burnt chariot blaze.
 These aspects cease; but thou that burn'st the claws,
 And first the tayle of threatening Scorpion, (downe
 What great thing breedst thou *Mars*? milde *Zeus* goes
 Oppressed in his fall, and in the skyes
 The wholesome starre of *Venus* dilled is;
Mercury looses his swift motion,
 And fiery *Mars* rules in the sky alone,
 Why doe the starres their course forsaking glide
 Obscurely through the ayre? why does the side
 Of sword-bearing *Orion* shine too bright?
 Warres rage is threatned: the sword's power all right
 Confounds by force: impiety shall beare
 The name of Vertue, and for many a yeare
 This fury lasts; it bootes vs not to craue
 A peace: with peace a master we shall haue.
 Draw out the series of thy misery
 O Rome to longer yeares, now onely free
 From ciuill warre. These prodigies did starre
 The multitude enough: but greater farre
 Ensue, as on the top of Pindus mount
 The Thracian women full of *Bacchus* wont
 To raue; so now a matron ranne posselt
 By *Phabus* vrging her inspired Brest.

Where am I carried now? where leau'st thou me
 Pæan, already rapt aboute the sky?
 Pangæa's snowy top, Philippi plaines
 I see: speake *Phabus* what this fury meanes:
 What swords, what hands shal in Romes battels meete,
 What warres without a foe? oh whither yet
 Am I distracted? to that Easterne land,
 Where *Nile* discolours the blew Ocean:

There there alas I know what man it is,
 That on Nile's banke a trunk deformed lyes,
 Ore Syrtes sands, ore scorched Libya,
 Whither the reliques of Pharfalia
 Erinus carry'd, ore th'Alpes cloudy hill,
 And high Pyrene am I carried still:
 Then backe againe to Rome, where impious,
 And fatall warre defiles the Senate house,
 The Factions rise againe; againe I goe
 Ore all the world; shew me new Kingdomes now,
 New Seas; *Philippe* I haue seene; this spoke
 The furious fit her wearyed breast forsooke,

FINIS Libri primi.

Annotations on the first Booke.

(a) *Roman Darts or Iauelins, which their footemen
 vsed, about five foot long. If any man quarrell at the
 word pile, as thinking it scarce English, I desire them to
 giue a better word. For, Dart or Iauelin is a word too
 generall, and cannot intimate a Ciuill warre; for darts
 had fought against darts, though a Roman army had
 fought against barbarous, and forreigne Nations. But
 Pilum was a peculiar name to the Romans darts, and
 so meant by Lucan, which if any denie, let him read these
 Verses in the seventh booke of our Author.*

————— *sceleris sed crimine nullo*
Externam maculant Chalybem, fletit omne coactum
Circà pila nefas. —————

(b) *Marcus Crassus a great, and rich Roman, ruling
 the Province of Syria, went with a Consular Army to the
 Parthian warre, and was there defeated, and slaine, to-
 gether with his Sonne, and his whole Army, by Surenas
 the Kings General.*

(c) *Neere*

(c) of Pompey were overcome by Julius Cæsar. Cneius was slaine, and Sextus fledd, thirty thousand Pompeyans were there slaine: insomuch that Cæsar to besiedge the conquered, made a countermure of dead carcasses.

(d) Antonius Besiedged D: Brutus in Mutina a City of Gallia Cæsarpina; in raising which siege, both the Consuls, Hircius and Pansa were slaine: but Augustus afterward raised it.

(e) Perugia a City in Thuscia, whither Lucius Antonius had fledd, was by Augustus forced to yeeld through Famine.

(f) Where Augustus in a Sea fight vanquished Anthonius and Cleopatra.

(g) A fight on the Sicilian Sea, where Sextus Pompeius had armed Slaves and bondmen against Augustus, by whom he was there defeated.

(h) These three were Crassus, Cæsar, and Pompey; who all excelling in wealth, dignitie, fame, and ambition, reconciled to each other, and linked together in amitie, entred into such a league, that nothing should be done in the Common wealth, that displeased themselves, dividing among themselves, Provinces, and Armies. Pompey by his Lieutenants governed Spaine and Affrica; Cæsar had his government ouer all Gallia prarogued for another five yeares; Crassus governed all Syria.

(i) Iulia a vertuous Roman Lady daughter to Cæsar, and wife to Pompey the great; who dyed virtuously for the Common wealth, since her life might have preserved peace betweene her husband and her father.

(k) Beside Rubicon was a pillar raised up, and upon it a decree of the Senate engraven, that it should not be lawfull for any to come armed homeward beyond that place.

(l) Quintus Cassius, and Marcus Antonius Tribunes of the people, for speaking boldly in the behalfe of Cæsar,

were

were condemned out of the Court by the two Consuls, Marcellus and Lentulus, who vphrayed them with the sedition of the Gracchi, and threatened the same ende to them vnesse they departed; the Tribunes escaping out of the Citie by night, in poore and base attire, fled to Caesar, and with them Curio.

(m) This Curio had lately beene Tribune of the people, and a great enemy to Caesar; he was beloued by the vulgar, and an excellent speaker; but being much in debt, Caesar relieved him, and made him of his Faction.

(n) The lawfull age to triumph in, was thirty yeares old; but Pompey the great had triumphed ouer Hiabas King of Numidia, when hee was but foure and twenty yeares old.

(o) The Pratorship Pompey without voyces, tooke to himselfe, being twenty three yeares olde, he was Consull alone, and had held other Honours contrary to custome.

(p) Pompey the great, that hee might be chosen at Rome ouerfeer for Corne, tooke a course that wone should be brought in from other parts, insomuch as that the City endured a famine: vpon which Clodius could say, The law was not made for the Famine, but a Famine was brought in of purpose, that such a Law might be made.

(q) When Milo was arraigned for Clodius death, Pompey to suppress the tumult of the people, ensiured the iudgement place with armed men, a thing vnlawfull to doe.

(r) Sylla 60. yeares old gaue ouer his Dictatorshipp, and liued priuately at Puteoli.

(s) Mithridates King of Pontus warred with the Romans forty yeares; he was weakened, and receiued overthrowes from Sylla and Lucullus, and conquered by Pompey, being besiedged in a towne by his sonne Pharnaces, he could not poison himselfe, hauing much vsed Antidotes, but fell vpon his sword, and dyed.

(t) Pompey

(t) Pompey the great had made a Colony of Cicalian
arts, whom he had vanquished.

(v) Lac de Lorange; these severall Towns and Coun-
ties of France, where Cæsars Army lay in Garrison, and
whence they were now drawne, are here set downe
their old names; and this little volume will not afford
me so farre to enlarge my Annotations, as to set down
names as they are now called, being all changed.

(x) The most free people of the Belgians, where Te-
tius Sabinus, and Arunculus Cotta, two of Cæsars
veteranants, with five Cohorts were entrapped, and
died by fraude of Ambiorix.

LVCANS

LVCANS

Pharsalia.

The second Booke.

The Argument.

*Th' author complaines that future fates are knowne
The sorrow of affrighted Rome is shewne.
An old man calls to minde the ciuill crimes
Of Marius, and Sylla's bloody times.
Brutus with Cato does conferre ; to whom
Chast Martia come from dead Hortentius Tombe
Again is married in a funerall dresse.
Pompey to Capua flies. What Fortresses
By Cæsar are surpris'de ; who without fight
Pass Sylla, Scipio, Lentulus to flight,
And takes Domitius at Corfinium.
Pompey's Oration. From Brundisium
He sends his eldest Sonne to bring from farre
The Easterne Monarchs to this Ciuill Warre.
But there besiedg'd by Cæsar. scarce can he
Scape safe away by nights obscurity.*



*N*ow the gods wrath was scene : plain
signes of warre
The world had giuen : forespeaking na-
ture farre
From her true course, tumultuous mon-
sters made,
Proclaiming woe. Oh Ioue, why doost thou adde

his care to wretched men, to let them see,
dire portents their following misery?
Whether the Worlds Creator when he did
from the darke formlesse Chaos light diuide,
publisht eternall Lawes, to which he ty'd
the creatures, and himselfe, and did diuide
the worlds set ages by vncchanged fate:

Whither (nothing preordain'd) the state
of mortall things chance rules: yet let that be
secret that thou intendst: let no eye see
his future Fate, but hope as well as feare.

When the sad City had conceiu'd how deare
Heavens truth would cost the World: her generall woe,
proclaim'd a Fast: the mourning Senate goe,
like the Plebeians cladd: the Consuls ware
no purple Roabes: no words their griefe declare:
mute is their sorrow; such a silent woe
a dying man's amazed household show,
before his funerall conclamation,
before the mothers lamentation

fall on the seruants weeping; but when she
ceases his stiffe limmes, dead lookes, and standing eye,
then tis no feare but griefe: downe she doth fall,
howling vpon him: So Romes Matrons all
caue off their habits, and attires of grace,
and in sad troopes the Altars doe embrace,
one weepes before the gods; one her torne lockes
throwes in the sacred porch: another knocks
her breast against the ground: the god, whose eares
were wont to prayers, now onely howling heares:
nor to Ioues temple did they all repaire:

They part the gods: no altar wants his share
of enuy-making mothers: but one there
her plaint-brusle armes, & moylned cheekes did reare
Now now, quoth she, oh mothers reare your haire,
How beat you breasts, doe not this griefe differre

Till the last ill : while the Cheifes doubtfull are,
Wee may lament : when one is Conquerer,
Wee must reioyce ; thus grieve it selfe did mooue.

Such iust complaints against the powers above
The Souldiers make, that to each army turne :
Oh miserable men, that were not borne
When Carthage warr'de, at Trebias ouerthrow,
Or Cannæ's mortall field ; nor begge wee now
For peace, oh gods, stirre each fierce Nation,
Raise mighty Cities : let the world in one
Conspire : let Median powers from Susse come :
Nor let cold Ister hold his Scythians from
This warre : the Sueuians from the Northren clime
Let Albis send, and the rude head of Rhine :
Make vs all peoples foes, so not our owne :
Here let the Daci, there the Getes come on :
Let one his forces against Spaine employ ;
Gainst th'Easterne bowes let tothers Eagles fly :
Let Rome haue warre with all ; or if our names
You gods would ruine, let the sky to flames
Dissolu'd fall downe, and quite consume our coasts,
Or thunderstrike both Captaines with their hosts
While they be guiltlesse, *Iane*, seeke they to try
With so much mischief who Romes Lord shall be ?
Twere scarce worth ciuill war that none should reigne
Thusthen did bootlesse pitty complaine.
But the old men mou'd with particular grieve
Curse their old age, and ill prolonged life,
Their yeares referu'd againe to ciuill warre :
(a) One seeking presidents for their great feare,
Such woes, quoth he, the gods intended vs,
When after (b) both his triumphs, *Marinus*
His flying head among the reedes and sedge
Once hid, the Fennes then couer'd Fortunes pledge :
But taken he endur'd a prison's stinch,
And his old limmes did iron shackles pinch.

To dye a Consull, happy, and in Rome
Before (c) hand suffred hee for guilt to come,
Death fled him oft, and power to shed his blood
In vaine a Cimbrian (d) had, who trembling stood :
Offering a stroke, his faulting hand the Sword
Let fall ; his dungeon did strange light afford,
Th'affrighted Cimbrian furies seem'd to see,
And heard what *Marius* afterward should bee :
Thou canst not touch this life : to fate he owes
Thousands of liues, ere hee his owne can loole :
Cease thy vaine fury : if you Cimbrians wou'd
Reuenge on Rome your slaughtred Nations blood,
Saue this old man, whom their sterne will to serue
Not the gods loue, but anger did presente :
A cruell and fit man, when Fate contriu'de
Romes ruine : hee on Libyan coasts arriu'de
Wandred through empty cottages vpon
Triumphed *Jugurth's* spoil'd dominion,
And Punick ashes trod : each others state
Carthage (e) and *Marius* there commiserate,
And both cast downe, both now the gods excus'de :
But into *Marius* minde that ayre infus'de
A Libyan rage ; when Fortune turn'de againe,
Slaues from (f) their Lords, & prisoners frō the chaine
He free'de, and arm'de : no man his Ensignes bore,
But who the badge of some knowne mischiefe wore,
And brought guilt to the campe : oh Fates how sad
A day was that, when conquering *Marius* had
Surpris'de the walls ? how swift flew cruell death ?
Senators with Plebeians lost their breath,
The sword rag'de vncontrol'de : no breast was free :
The temples stainde with blood, and slippery
Were the red stones with slaughter : no age then
Was free : the neere-spent time of aged men
They hasten'de on ; nor sham'de with bloody knife
To cut the Infants new spunne thread of life.

What crime had Infants done to merit death?
But 'twas enough that they could loose their breath,
Fury directs them guilty lives to take
Alone, seem'd too remisse; for number sake
Some fall; one cuts off heads he dooes not know,
Whilst empty-handed hee's asham'd to goe.
No hope to scape, but kisse the blood-staind (g) hand
Of *Marinus*; though a thousand swords did stand
Ready, base People, did you not disdain
At such a price a life, though long, to gaine,
Much lesse a time so short, so troublesome,
And breath but respited till *Sylla* come?
Who now has time to waile Plebeian fates?
Scarce can we thinke, braue *Babius*, (h) whom the hatred
Of the fierce multitude in peices tore:
Nor thinke *Antonius*, (i) that thy death before
Couldst prophesy, whose gray head bleeding yet
On *Marinus* table the rude Souldier set.
Torne are the headlesse *Grassi*: (k) impious wood
Is stain'd with sacred Tribunitiall (l) blood.
Thou *Scuola*, (m) that didst a kisse disdain
Of *Marinus* hand, at *Vestals* Altar flaine,
And neuer quenched fires; but ages drought
Left thee not so much blood, as would put out
The flame. His seventh (n) Con'sulship now come,
Old *Marinus* dies; a man, that had overcome
Fortunes worst hate, and her best loue enioy'd,
And tasted all that fates for man provide.

How many neere the Colline port were kill'd?
How many Carcasses on heapes were pil'd
At *Sacriportum*? (o) where almost her seate
Had the worlds Empire chang'd, and *Samnis* yet
Hop'd deeper farre to wound the Roman name,
Then at the *Candine* (p) Forkes; then *Sylla* came
With a reuenge more bloody: his sword rest
Borne of that little blood before was left.

While

A mangled Sacrifice before the tombe
Of his perchance vnwilling foe did come.
His (g) mangled ioynts, as many wounds as limmes
We sawe: yet no wound deadly giuen him
Through his spoil'd body; an example rare
Of cruelty, a dying life to spare.
His hands chopt off, his tongue cut out as yet
Wagg'de, and the ayre did with dumbe motions beat
One slits his nostrills, one cuts off his eares,
His eyes out last of all another teares,
Left in till then his mangled limmes to see;
A thing past credit, one poore man should be
The subiect of so many cruelties.
A lump deform'de his mangled body lyes
So strangely slaughter'd; nor disfigur'de more
Floates a torne shipwrackt carkasse to the shore
From the midd-Sea. The fruite of all your toyle
Why doe you loose, and *Marinus* face to spoile,
That none can now discern him; 'twere more neede
Sylla should know him to applaud the deede,
(r) *Praniste's* fortune saw her men all dy
In one death's space; the flowre of (s) *Italy*,
The onely youth of *Latium* sadly slaine
Did wretched *Romes* *Ouilia* distaine.
So many men to cruell death at once
Oft Earthquakes, Shipwrackes, or Infections
Of Ayre or Earth, Famine, or Warre hath sent
Neuer before a doome of punishment.
The souldiers throng'de could scarcely weild at all
Their killing hands; the slaine could hardly fall
Supported so; but number did oppresse
The dying people, and dead carcasses
Encrease the slaughter, falling heauily
On liuing bodies; his strange cruelty
Secure, and fearelesse *Sylla* from about
Beheld; nor could so many thousands moore

His heart, by him commanded all to dy.
I'th' Tyrrhene gulfe their pil'de-vp bodies ly.
The first throwne in vnder the water lay,
The last on bodies; strongest ships they stay
And Tiber parted by that fatall bay
Sends one part to the Sea; carkasses stay
The other; till the violent streame of blood
Enforc'd the waters couric to Tybers flood.
Nor can the bankes the River now containe,
But ore the fields the bodies floate againe
Rowling at last into the Tyrrhene maine.
One the blew waues it sets a purple staine.
For this did *Sylla* merit to be fill'de
Happy, and (p) sauour, and in *Mars* his field
To be enterr'de? but these blacke mischiefs are
To be endurd againe; this cruell warre
Will the same order, and conclusion take,
But feares more horrid suppositions make,
And in this Warre mankinde shall suffer more,
The exil'de *Maris* fought but to restore
Themselves againe; and *Sylla's* victories
Sought but the ruine of his enemies.
Their aymes are higher; both long powerfull take
Vp armes; and neither euill warre would make
To doe as *Sylla* did. Thus wayles old age
Remembring past, and searing future rage.

This terror strooke not noble *Brutus* hart,
Nor in this frightfull stirre was he a part
Of the lamenters; but at midnight hee
(When now her waine *Parrhasian Helice*
Turn'de) at his vnkle *Cato's* no large house
Knockes; him he findes waking and anxious,
For Rome, and the whole State a fearefull man,
Not for himselfe; when *Brutus* thus began.

Banisht, and flying vertue's onely bold,
And refuge, which no storme of fortune could

Ere reauethee off? guide thou this wauering heart,
 And to my thoughts a certaine strength impart,
 At *Casars* side, or *Pompeys* others stand,
 Ore *Brutus* none but *Cato* shall command.
 Wilt thou keepe peace, and in this doubtfull age
 Vnshaken stand? or mingling with the rage
 Of the mad rout, this ciuill Warre approue?
 Others to this sadd Warr bad causes mooue:
 One his stain'd house in peace, and feare of Lawes
 Another fights for want, mingling that cause
 With the Worlds wracke; blinde fury leades on none:
 All drawne with gainefull hopes; but thee alone
 The Warre it selfe affects. What bootes it thee
 T'haue beene so long from the Times vices free?
 This onely meede of thy long vertue take,
 The Warres finde others guilty; thee they make.
 But let not wicked warre haue power t'employ
 These hands, O gods, let not thy lauelin flye
 'Mongst others in a thicke skie-darkning cloude;
 Let not such vertue be in vaine bestowde,
 The warres whole chance will cast it selfe on thee,
 Who would not dy vpon that sword, and be
Cato's offence, though slaine by another hand?
 Thou might' st alone, and quiet better stand,
 As starres in heauen still vnshaken are,
 When lightnings, stormes and tempests rend the ayre,
 Nearer to earth: Windes rage, and Thunders spight,
 Plaine grounds must suffer; when *Olympus* height
 Plac'd by the gods aboue the cloudes, is free;
 Small things iarres vexe, the great ones quiet be.
 'Twill glad proud *Cesar*, in this warre, to heare
 So great a Citizen has deign'd t' appeare;
 Nor will it grieue him that great *Pompeys* side
 Is chose, not his; 'twill be enough his pride
 That *Cato* has approu'd of ciuill warre,
 Romes Senate, and both Consuls armed are

Vnder a priuate man, and many moe
 Of note and worth, to these add *Cato* too
 Vnder command of *Pompey*, none liues free
 In all the world but *Cesar*; but if we
 Do for our countryes Lawes, and freedome goe
 To warre; then *Brutus* is not *Cesar*'s foe,
 Nor *Pompey*'s, but the Conquerour's, who ere
 Thus *Brutus* spake; when from an inside cleare
 These sacred words drew *Cato*; We confesse
Brutus, that ciuill warre's great wickednesse;
 But where the Fates will leade, vertue shall goe
 Securely on; to make me guilty now
 Shall be the gods owne crime; who would endure
 To see the world dissolue, himselfe secure?
 Who could look on, when heauen should fall, earth faile
 And the confus'd world perish, and not waile?
 Shall vnkowne Nations in our Roman warre
 Engage themselues? and forreine Kings from farre
 Crossing the Seas? and shall I rest alone?
 Farre be it, gods, the *Daci*, and *Getae* should mone
 Their losses in Rome's fall, and *Cato* ly
 Secure: as parents, when their children dy,
 In person mourne, build vp with their owne hands
 The funerall pile, and light the fatall brands;
 I will not leaue thee, Rome, till I embrace
 Thy hearse, and libertie, thy dying face,
 And fleeting Ghost with honour doe attend.
 So let it goe; let th'angry gods intend
 A compleate Roman sacrifice; no blouds
 Will we defraude the warre of; would the gods
 Of heauen, and *Erebus* would now stricke dead
 For all our crimes this one condemned head.
 Deuoted *Decius* by his foes could fall:
 Me let both Roman hosts assault, and all
 Rhine's barbarous troopes, let me th' midst receiue
 All darts, all wounds, that this sad warre can giue.

Lucan. Book 2.

Let me redeeme the people; let my Fate
What ere Romes manners merit, expiate.
Why should the easily conquer'd people dy,
That can endure a Lord? Strike onely me,
Me with all Swords, and Piles, that all in vaine
Our wronged Lawes, and liberties maintaine:
This throat shall peace to Italy obtaine.
After my death he that desires to raigne,
Neede not make warre; but now let's follow all
The common Ensignes *Pompey* generall.
Though he orecome, tis not yet knowne that he
Meanes to himselfe the Worlds sole Monarchy.
He helpe him conquer, least he should suppose
He conquers for himselfe. From this arose
Young *Brutus* courage; this graine speach too farr
Made the young man in loue with ciuill warre.

Now *Phalar* driving the cold darke away,
They heard a noyse at doore; (v) chaste *Martia*
Come from *Hortensius* Tombe, stood knocking there;
Once giuen a Mayde in marriage happier;
But when the fruite, and price of wedlocke she
Three births had payd; another Family
To fill, was fruitfull *Martia* lent a bride,
To ioyne two houses by the Mothers side.
Now when *Hortensius* affies rind rest,
Shee in her funerall robes, beating her breast
With often stroakes, and tearing her loose haire,
Sprinkled with asher from the Sepulcher,
To please lowre *Cato*, with a gesture sad
Thus speakes; Whilst blood, and childing strength I
Cato, I did thy will, two husbands tooke (had
Now wome away, and with oft trauell broke
I come, no more to part; grant now our old
Wedlockes enuasted rites; grant me to hold
The empty name of Wife, and one my Tombe;
Write *Cato* and *Martia*, I am in time to come

It may be ask'de whether I left the bed
Of my first Lord bestow'de, or banished,
Nor come I now prosperitie to share,
But to partake thy labours, and sad care,
Let me attend the Campe, leave me not here
In peace, *Cornelia* to the warre so nere,
These speeches mov'd the man, though the times
Vnsit for *Himen*, when Fate calls to warre,
Without vaine pompe to ty a nuptiall knot
In the gods presence, he refuses not,
No garlands on the marriage doores were worn,
Nor linnen fillets did the posts adorne:
No bridall Tapers shone, no bed on high
With Iuory steps, and gold embroidery,
No Matron in a towred crowne, that led
The Bride, forbid her on the threshold tread,
No yellow veile cover'd her face, to hide
The fearefull blushes of a modest Bride,
No precious girdle girded her loose Gowne,
No Chaine adorn'd her necke, nor linnen downe
From off her shoulders her ask'de armes ordred,
So as she was, funerall habited,
Euen like her Sonnes, her Husband she embraced,
A funerall robe about her purple plac'd,
The vsuall Iests were sparde: the husband warr'd
After the Sabine vse, his marriage attire,
None of their kindred met, the knot they tyed
Silent: content with *Destiny* auspicy,
His ore-growne haire he from thut sacred face
Shaues not, nor will in his sad lookes embrace
One ioy (since first that wicked warre beganne)
He lets his vasshorne hoary lockes fall downe
Ore his rough front, and a sad beard to hide
His checkes, for he alone from factions freed
Or hate had leasure for mankind to weepe,
Nor in his bridall bed would *Cornelia* sleepe,

Even lawfull loue could continence reiect
These were his manners; this slowe
To keepe a meane, hold fast the end, and make
Nature his guide, dye for his Countreys sake
For all the world; nor him, his life was
He thinks; his fasts but hangers banishment,
His chosen buildings were but fence for cold
His best attire rough gownes; such as of old
Was Roman weale; and nothing but desire
Of progeny in him warm'd
Father, and husband both to Rome was he
Seruant to iustice; and strict honesty
For th'publicke good; in none of
Creepes selfe borne pleasure, or her share

Now with his fearefull woopes
To Trojan
The warre: his scatter'd strength there to
And his aspiring foes affaits to meet
Where
The middle of Italy with shady hills
Then which no part of earth does swell more high
In any place, nor neerer meetes the sky

The mountaines
Th'upper, and lower sea
Is Pisa seated on the Tyrrhene shore
Ancona on the left
With stormes and windes that from Dalmatia blow
Heere from vast fountains doe g'cabriere flow,
And into th'double sea's diuorce doe slide
In severall Riuers: downe on the left side
Metaurus swif, and strong Crustumium flow,
Isapis ioyn'd Cissarus, Sena too,
And Aufidus the Adriaticke beates
Eridanus, then which no riuier gets
More ground; whose forrells rowles into the sea
Oreturn'd: and tops of Italy

They say that poplars on this rivers side
First grew, when *Phaeron* amisse did guide
The day; his wandering Chariot burnt the sky,
And scorcht the earth: all riuers then were dry
But this; whose streames did *Phaeton* fires withstand;
Not lesse then Nile, if on plaine Libyan sand
It flow'd like Nile: not lesse then Ister 'twere,
Vnlesse that Ister running euery where
The streames, that fall into all seas, dooes meete,
And not alone the Scythian Ocean greeke
From springs, that downe the hills right side doe flow;
Runuba, Tyber, swift Vulturius grow;
Night-ayre-infecting Sarnus, Liris too
Runnes, strength'ned by the Vestine riuers, through
Maricaes, wooddy lands: Siler that glides
Through Salerne's fields; Macra whose Ford abides
No ships, into the sea neere *Luna* fall.
The hill (where he in length extended all
Meeting the bending Alpes France ouersees)
To th' Vmbrians, Marsians, and Sabellians is
Fertile, and dooes with woody armes embrace
The people of the ancient Latin race:
Nor leaues he Italy, before he end
In the Scyllæan cauernes, and extend
Vnto Lacinian *Iuno's* house his hill.
Longer he was then Italy, vntill
The sea diuided him, and water fore'd
The land; then when two meeting seas diuorc'd
What was conioyn'd, part of the hill the sea
Gauc to *Peloræ* in Sicilia.

Cæsar now mad of watre loues not to finde,
But make his way by blood, nor is his minde
Ioy'd that in Italy he see's no foes,
No Countreys guarded from him, meetes no blowes:
But counts his iourney lost, desires to breake
Not open gates, and loues his march to make

By fire and sword, not sufferance thinks it shame
 To tread permitted paths, and beare the name
 Of Citizen. Th'Italian Cities are
 Doubtfull which way to leaue; & though when warre
 Makes her first fear'd approach; all easily
 Will yeild; with Bulwarkes yet they fortify
 Their wallies: digge Trenches round about below:
 Vast stones and weapons from above to throw
 They get; and Engines on their wallies provide,
 The People most encline to *Pompey's* side;
 But faith with terrour fights: so when wee see
 The south-windes horrid blasts possesse the sea,
 The waues all follow him, till by the stroke
 Of *Aeolus* his Speare, the open'd Rocks
 To the rough seas let out the Easterne winde:
 They still retaine, though new assaults they finde,
 The old, though th'Eastwind th'aire with dark stormes
 The ocean dooes the southwind challenge kill: (all,
 But peoples mindes feare changes easily,
 And Fortune swayes their wauering loyalty.
 By *Libo's* flight *Etruria's* naked left,
 And *Umbria*, *Thermus* (y) gone, of freedome rest:
Sylla farre differing from his Fathers fame
 In ciuill warre, flies hearing *Casars* name.
Varus, (z) before the first assault, forsakes
Auximum's wallies, and flight disorder'd takes
 Ore rockes and deserts: *Lentulus* (a) is beate
 From *asculum*: the foes persuing get
 His men; that now alone the Captaine flies
 With empty Standards rest of Companyes.
 Thou *Scipio* (b) leau'st the trust committed thee
Luceria's Fort, though in thy Campe there be
 The valiantst Youth, whome feare of Parthian warre
 From *Cesar* tooke; whome *Pompey* to repaire
 His French losse, lent him; and while he thought good
 Bestow'd on *Cesar* th'vsur'd Roman blood.

But faire Corfinium's well fence'd walles containe
 Thee, stout *Demetrius* : (e) in thy campe remaine,
 Those that arraigned *Milo* did enclose,
 He when a cloude of dust from farre arose,
 And on bright Armes the sunne reflecting shone,
 And glittering swords, cries, runne my Souldiers runne
 Downe to the River, drowne the bridge, and thou
 Encreas'd from all thy empty'd fountaines now
 Rise swelling streame : breake downe, and beare away
 This scatter'd bridge : there let the warre now stay :
 Let thy bankes make our furious enemy
 Linger a while : weele count it victory
 That *Caesar* first stayes here. This saide in vaine
 He sends swift Cohorts from the towne amaine,

For *Caesar* first, when from the fields he spy'd
 His passage lost by bridge, enraged cry'd
 Can not your walles, base cowards, shelter you
 Enough, but that the Fields, and Rivers too
 Must helpe ? Ile passe, though Ganges in my way
 Rowl'd all his strength : no streame shall *Caesar* stay
 Since Rubicon is past, goe winged Horse,
 Second bold foote, the bridge now falling force,
 Thus spake he : soorth the winged Horse-men ride,
 And like a storme of haile on tother side
 The water their well brandisht lavelins light :
Caesar then takes the river, puts to flight
 The Souldiers all that were in station
 To guard the banke, and safe before the towne
 Is come : when straight vp lofty workes are throwne,
 And Engines rais'd the walls to batter downe,

When lo (oh shame of warre) opening the gate
 The Souldiers brought their Captaine bound, and at
 The feete of his proud Foe present : but he
 With lookes not shaming high Nobility
 Offers his throat vndaunted : *Caesar* sees
 Death's fought, and mercy fear'd, then thus replyes,

Liue, though thou wouldst not, by our bounty liue,
 Enioy this light, and to the conquer'd giue
 Good hope: th' example of our clemency
 Bee thou: or else againe warres fortunes trie:
 Nought for this pardon *Cesar* from thy hands
 Expects, if thou orecome: with that commands
 Tvnbinde him: had his death the Conquerour pleas'd,
 How much a Romans blush had fortune eas'd.
 For following Rome, the Senates, *Pompey's* armes
 Pardon't o a Roman was the worst of harmes,
 He yet vnfeard, his anger doth retaine,
 Speakes thus t' himselfe: wilt thou, base man, againe
 See Rome, or seeke peacefull retirements? No,
 Rather into warres fury dying goe,
 Rush boldly through the middst, sure end to make,
 Of this loath'd life, and *Cesar's* gift forsake.

Pompey, not knowing he was tane, provides
 Forces, to strengthen with ioyn'd power his side,
 Meaning his campe next morning to remooue,
 The Soldiers spirits before their march to prooue,
 He thus with a maiesticke voice bespake
 His silent troopes; guilt-punishers, that take
 The better side, you truly Roman band,
 Arm'de by the State, no priuate mans command,
 Feare not to fight: Italy's wasted all
 By barbarous troopes: through the cold Alpes the Gaule
 Is broken loose: blood has already dy'd
Cesar's polluted swords: the gods provide
 Well that the mischiefe there begins, and we
 First suffer wrong; oh now let Rome by me
 Take punishment: nor can you call it here
 True warre, but our reuenging countrie's ire:
 Nor is this more a warre, then that wherein
 Nak'd-arm'de *Cerberus*, and fierce *Caroline*
 Meant to fire Rome, *Lentulus*, and their mates,
 Oh madnesse to be pittied: when the fates

Would with *Camillus*, and *Metellus* ioyne
Thee *Cesar*, thou to *Marinus* shouldst encline,
And *Cinna*: fall thou shalt, as *Lepidus*
Fell vnder *Catulus*, *Carbo* by vs
Beheaded, buried in *Sicilia* lyes,
And he that made the Spaniards fierce to rise
Banisht *Sertorius*: though I grudge with those
Thou *Cesar* shouldst be plac'd: and Rome oppose
My armes 'gainst thee. Would from the Parthian warre
Crassus had safe return'd, and conquerer:
That thou in such a cause as *Spartacus*
Mightst fall: but if the gods intend to vs
Thou shalt one title adde: this arme a dart
Can ably brandish yet: about this hart
The blood is hot: know then not all that loue
To liue in peace, in warre will cowards proue:
Nor let my age affright you, though he call
Me worne, and weake: let an old Generall
Be in this campe, in that old souldiers bee.
I haue attain'd what ere a people free
Can giue; and nothing but a Monarchy
Aboue me left; hee that in Rome would be
Greater then I, no priuate state demands.
Heere both Romes Consuls, heere her Senate stands.
Shall *Cesar* then subdue the Senate? sure
Th'art not quite shamelesse, fortune, to endure
Things should so blindly turne. Does rebell France
So long a taming, and those warres aduance
His thoughts so high? because from Germany
He fled; and calling a small streame a sea
On the sought Brittaines turn'd his flying backe?
Or swells he cause all Rome, though arm'd, forsake
The Citie, hearing his fierce troopes are nigh?
Ah foole, they flye not thee, all follow me.
My glorious Ensignes on the Ocean barne,
Ere *Cynthia* twice had fill'd her wanton hornes,

All Pirats fled the seas, and at my hand
Humbly crau'd dwellings in a narrow Land,
I that stout King, that stay'd Romes growth, did see
Flying along the Scythian sea's diuorce,
(Which *Sylla* nere could bring to passe) to dye
By his owne hand: no Land from me is free
My Trophæes all that *Titan* sees possesse,
Going from thence Phasis cold riuer sees
Mee conquerour in the North: in the hot Zone
Knowne Egypht, and Syene, that at noone
No shadow spreads: my lawes the West obeyes,
Batis, that meets the farthest westerne seas:
Mee tam'd Arabia knowes, th' Aeniochs bold,
And Colches fam'd for her stolne Fleece of gold,
The Cappadocians from my Colours fly,
And Iewes that serue an vnknowne Deity
Mee soft Sophene feares, th' Armenians,
Taurus, and the subdu'd Cilicians:
What warres from him, but ciuill, did I leaue?

These words his Souldiers with no shewte receiue
Nor are they eager of the fight: their feares
Great *Pompey* sees, and back his Standards beares,
Loath in so great a warre to venture men
Orecome with fame of *Cæsar* yet not seene.
As a Bull beate in the first fight he tryes
Through th' empty fields, and desert forrests flye
Exil'd and tryes gainst euery tree his horns,
Nor till his strength be perished, returns
To pasture, then recouering his command,
Maugre the Heardsmen, leades them to what land
He list: so now as weakest, Italy
Dooes *Pompey* leaue, and through Apulia fly,
Himselfe immuring in Brundisum's hold,
A Towne by Cretan colonyes of old
Possess, that in th' Athenian navy fled,
When lying sailes reported *Thersites* dead,

Hence Italy's now straightned coast extends
Her selfe in forme of a thin tongue, and bends
Her hornes to inclose the Adriaticke sea:
Nor yet could these straight shut vp waters be
A haven, if high cliffes winds violence
Did not restraine, and the tir'd waters fence
On both sides, Nature, the winds tiranny
To stop, high cliffes opposes to the sea,
That shippes by trembling cables held may stand,
Hence all the Maine lyes ope, if to thy land
We saile *Cereyra*, or our courses bend
On the left hand, where Epidamius tends
To the Ionian; thither Sailer's fly
When th' Adrian's rough, and cloudes obscure the high
Ceraunian mountaines, and with violent dash
The foaming seas Calabrian Sason wash;

When of forsaken Italy there was
No hope at all, nor that the warre could passe
Into the Spanish coast, for twixt that land
The lofty Alpes did interposed stand,
Thus th' eldest of his noble progeny
Pompey bespake; the worlds farre Regions try
Nile, and Euphrates, wherefoere my name
Is spread: and all the Cities, where Romes fame
I haue aduanc'd; bring backe vnto the seas
The now dispers'd Cilician colonies,
The strength *Pharnaces* holds I charge thee bring
Arme my Tigranes, and th' Aegiptian King,
Those that inhabite both Armenia's shore,
And the fierce nations by the Euxine shore:
Riphazan bands, and those, where Seythian carres
On his slow back congeal'd *Maotus* beares,
Why speake I more? through all the East my Sonne
Carry this warre, through euery conquer'd towne
I th' world: to vs all triumph'd regions loyne,
But you, whose names the Latian founts doe signe,

Through Greece and Macedon new strength to haue
While winter giues vs respite from the warre,
To his commands they all obedient are,
And from th'Italian shore their anchors weigh.

Cæsar impatient of warres long delay,
Or rest, least changing fates might ought withstand,
His flying Sonne in law pursues at hand.
So many townes at first assault surpriz'de,
And Forts disarmed others had suffic'de:
Rome the worlds head, warres greatest booty, left
A prey; but *Cæsar* in all actions swift,
Thinking nought done, whilest ought vndone remain'd
Feircely pursues, and though he haue obtain'de
All Italy, and that great *Pompey* liues
In th'vtmost edge, that both are there, he grieues:
Nor would he let his foes passe soorth againe
By Sea, but seekes to stopp the watry maine,
And with vast hills damme vp the Ocean:
But this great labour is bestow'de in vaine:
The Sea those mountaines swallowes, mixing all
With sands below; so if high *Erix* fall
Into the middst of the *Ægean* Sea,
No land aboue the water scene can bee;
Or if the lofty *Gaurus* quite torne downe
Were to the bottome of *Auernus* throwne,
But when no earth throwne in would firmly stand,
Then with a bridge of fastned ships the Land
He ioynes; each Galley doe foure anchors stay:
Once ore the Sea proud *Xerxes* such a way
Made by report: when ioynd by bridge he saw
Sestos, *Abidos*, *Europe*, & *Asia*;
And fearing not th'Eastwinde, nor Wests affront
Walk'de ore the curled backe of *Hellepont*,
When Ships their sayles round about *Athos* spread;
So now this *Hauen's* mouth Ships straightened,

When *Pompey* saw that a new land ore spread
The ocean's face : care in his breast is bred
To ope the sea, and carry forth the waire.
Fill'd sailes, and stretching shrowds the ships oft bare
Against these works, breaking them down made roome
Into the sea for other shippes to come,
Oft well driuen engines lighten'd the darke night
With flying fires : When time for their stolne flight
Was come : he warnes his men, no sailers noyse
Might on the shore be heard : nor trumpets voice
Diuide the houres ; nor cornets sound at all
The marriners should to their charges call.
Now neere her end *Virgo* began to be ;
And *Libra* followes his first day to see.
The silent Fleet departs : the anchors made (weigh'd
No noyse, when from thicke sands their hookes are
Silent, while they the sayle-yard bow, and reare
The maine mast vp the fearefull masters are :
The sailers softly spread their sailes, nor dare
Shake their strong shrowds within the whizzing aire.
The Generall makes his prayer, Foraine, to thee
To giue him leaue to abandon Italy,
Since thou'lt not let him keepe it ; but alas
The fates will scarce grant that : the waters flash,
And furrow'd with so many keeles at once
The stemme-beat sea with a vast murmur groines,

The foes let in by gates, and vp the wall
(Which faith by Fortune turn'd had open'd all)
Along the hauens stagge-like Hornes runne
Swiftly to shore, gric'd that the fleet was gon.
Is *Pompey's* flight so small a victory ?
A straighter passage let him our to sea,
Then where th'Eubean channell Chalcis beates.
Here stuck two shippes, which fast the engine gets

In field, and neere the shore the skirmish'de :
Here first the Sea with ciuill bloud was dy'de.
The Fleet escap'de of those two ships bereft :
So when Thessalia *lasons* Argo left
For Colchos bound, Cyanean Iles at sea
Shot forth ; the tayle-maim'de Ship escap'de away
Amidst the rockes : in vaine the lands beat
The empty sea : she comes a sayler yet.

Now that the Sunne was neere, the Easterne sky
Declar'd, palefac'de before his roly dy :
The Pleiades grow dimme : each neerer starre
Looses his light : *Scorers* lazy carre
Turnes to the plaine complexion of the skie,
And *Lucifer*, the great starres darkned, flies
From the hot day ; and now wert thou at sea
Pompey ; not with such Fate, as when from thee
The fearefull Pirates through all Sea retir'de :
Fortune revolts with thy oft triumphs tyr'de :
Now with thy Countrey, Household gods, thy Sonne,
And Wife, art thou a mighty exile gone.
A place for thy sad death is sought astarre :
Not that the gods enuy the Sepulcher
At home ; but damn'd is Egypt to that crime,
And Latium spar'de : that Fates in forreine clime
May hide this mischiefe, and the Roman land
Cleare from the bloud of her deare *Pompey* stand.

FINIS Libri secundi.

Annotations on the second Booke.

- (a) An old man to expresse the present calamity, re-
as the whole course of the ciuill Warre, between
Cassius and Sylla, as it follows in this discourse.
Cassius had triumphed, once over Iugur-

tha King of Numidia, and afterwards the King
of Sylla, to whose hands Bocchas King of Mauritania
had deliuered Iugurtha, and endeavouring by the Ayde of
Sulpitius Tribune of the people to hinder Sylla from his
excoedation against Mithridates King of Pontus, had in-
censed Sylla being then warring in Campania so farre,
that Sylla brought his Army to Rome, and entering the
Citie, subduing his aduersaries, got them to be iudged e-
nemies by the Senates decree, and banished the city;
Marius escaping by flight, hidd himselfe in the Fennes
neere Minturna; but being there taken, he was put in a
dungeon at Minturna.

(c) Marius suffered before hand at Minturna for
those cruelties, which hee afterwards acted at Rome,
when he returned, and was Consull the seventh time.

(d) The executioner of Minturne being a Cimbrian,
entering the darke dungeon to kill Marius saw fire spark-
ling out of Marius his eyes, and heard a voyce saying, do-
rest thou kill Caius Marius? at which the Cimbrian af-
frighted fled away, and the men of Minturne moued
with pittie, and reuerence of the man, that once had sa-
ued Italy, released C. Marius, and let him goe.

(e) Marius escaped from Minturna, took flight by
obscure passages toward the Sea, and getting into a ship, a
tempest arising, was cast vpon the Islands called Menin-
ges, where he receiued some companions, and heard that
his Sonne, with Cethegus were gotten safe into Affrick,
so Hymptall; he then sayled to the Coast of Carthage,
but being forbidden by the Liffor of Sextilius the Prator,
to set foot in Affrick; Goe tell thy Prator, quoth he, that
thou hast seene Caius Marius sitting in the ruines of Car-
thage: not vnlike comparing the ruine of estate of that
great City to his owne, now decayed fortunes.

(f) When Caius Cinna the Consull appealed to the
people, for restoring those banished men, whom the Senate

at request of Sylla had iudged enemies: a great contention arising, Cinna was expelled the City, by his colleague Gneius Octavius, and flying, followed the cities of Italy to warre: he armed slugs and prisoners, and joining himselfe to Marius returning, they entred Rome in a fourfold army, Cinna, Marius, Carbo, Sertorius, And tyrannized over their Adversaries.

(g) Marius had given this token to his Souldiers that they should kill all, whom he did not refuse, and offer his hand to kisse.

(h) Baebius was torne in pieces by the Souldiers.

(i) Marcus Antonius an excellent Orator, that by his eloquence made the Murtherers relent: at last his head being cut off, Anius the Tribune brought it to Marius, as he was at supper, who handling it a while, and scoffing at it, commanded it to bee negled to the Rostra.

(k) Fimbria a cruell Souldier of Marius killed the two Craffi, Parbar and Sonne, in each others fight.

(l) That place of the Prison, from whence offenders used to be cast downe headlong, was stained with the blood of Licinius the Tribune, whose Office was sacred.

(m) Mucius Scaeuola the high Priest, an old man, embracing the Altar of Vesta, was there slaine.

(n) C. Marlus entring his seventh Consulship, within thirteene dayes after dyed madd of a disease in his side, being 70 yeares old, hauing tasted the extremities of prosperitie, and aduersity.

(o) At Sacripontum, not farre from Pranesse, Sylla overcame Caius Marius the Sonne of old C. Marius, who fled to Pranesse; Sylla sent Lucretius Ofella to besiedge him there; but Marius offering to escape through a Mine under ground, and being discovered there killed himselfe; Sylla then sent furlongs from Porta Collina overthrew Lamponius, and Telesinus, two Captaines of the Samnites, who came to raise Ofella's siege. At these two

pla-

places Sylla slew above seventy thousand men.

(p) Marius had promised the Samnites, who had bene of his party, that he would translate the seat of the Empire from Rome to them, who now conceived a hope of subiecting the Romans more then since they did at Furcas Caudinas, where the Romans under the conduct of Titus Veturius, and Spurius Posthumius received a disgracefull overthrow.

(q) Quintus Lutatius Catulus, which had bene Colleague with C. Marius, and triumphed with him over the Cimbrians, hearing that Marius was determined to put him to death, entering his chamber, voluntarily choked himselfe. In revenge of which, his brother Catulus obtained of Sylla, that Marius the brother of C. Marius might be deliuered into his hands, who sacrificed him at his brothers Tombe, and wounding him armes & thighs, and legges, he cut off his nose, and eares, cut out his tongue, and digged out his eyes, letting him so live a while that he might dy in paine of every limme.

(r) Lucrotius Offella by Sylla's command burning taken Braveste, had killed, or cast in Prison all the Senators, that he found there of Marius faction: but Sylla coming thither, commanded five thousand men of Praeteste, who in hope of more had cast away their armes, and prostrated themselves upon the ground, to be all slaine.

(s) Sylla commanded foure whole Legions, which had bene of his Enemies side, among whom were many Samnites, to be all killed at one time in the field of Mars.

(t) Sylla called himselfe Felix: he named his Sonne Faustus, and his Daughter Fausta; leaving his Dictatorship, he lived primately at Puteoli, where he dyed eaten with Lice; his Funeralls were kept with great honor in the field of Mars.

(v) Marija being a virgin was married to Cato, by whom she had three children; and then his friend

Cato bestowed her upon him, being then great with
childe: after Hortensius his death she returned thence to
Cato.

(x) Cornelia the Daughter of Lucius Scipio, and
widow of Publius Crassus, was married to Pompey af-
ter Iulias death.

(y) At the same of Caesars approach, the Governours
through Italy all fled, not daring to withstand him, or
maintaine any Forts against him; many of those are
here named: First Scribonius who leaves his charge at
Hetruria, and Thermus forsakes Umbria; Faustus Seli-
la, came to Silla the Dictator, wanting his Fathers spi-
rit, and fortune in civil Wars, fled at the name of
Caesar.

(z) Arius Varus, when hee perceived that the chiefe
Citizens of Auximum favoured Caesar, tooke his Garris-
son from thence, and fledde.

(a) Lennilus Spinther with few whorers, kept the
Temple of Asculum, who hearing of Caesars coming,
fled away, thinking to carry with him his cohortes, but
was forsaken by most of his Souldiers.

(b) Lu: Scipio Father in law to Pompey the great,
fled from Luceria, although he had two strong Legions.
Marcellus to diminish the strength of Caesar, counselled
the Senate to make a decree that Caesar should deliuer
one Legion, and Pompey another to Bibulus, whom they
pretended to send to the Parthian warre; Caesar accord-
ing to the Senates decree, deliivered to him one Legion
for himselfe, and another Legion which he had borrow-
ed of Pompey for a present supply, after the great loss
received by his two Prators, Teturius and Cotta; both
these Legions Caesar deliivered, and they were now in Sci-
pio's campe.

(c) Lu: Dornitius Anobarbus with twenty cohortes
was in Corfinium; he had with him those Souldiers of

miles from the Tonne, but his cohorts meeting the
forerunners of Cæsar's army were beaten back againe.

(d) Spartacus a Thracian Tencer fled with 70. com-
panions of his, from Lentulus his games at Capua, and
gathering slaves to his partye, and arming them, made
up an army of 70000. he overcame many Roman Prae-
tors, and Consuls; at last he was vanquished, and slaine
by Marcus Crassus.

(e) Cæsar having wasted Germany with fire and
sword, after eightene daies returned into France, cut-
ting downe the Bridge behinde him, that it should not
be usefull to the Germans; which Pompey, detestingly
calls a flight.

LVCANS

LVCANS

Pharfalia.

The third Booke.

The Argument.

*Faire Iulia's Ghost a dreame to Pompey shewes.
Curio for corne into Sicilia goes,
To Rome comes Cæsar with vnarmed Bands,
Where though Metellus all in vaine withstand,
He robs the Treasury. Each Nations name,
That to the Warre in ayde of Pompey came.
Cæsar thence hastes to Spaine, and by the way
Layes cruell Seidge to true Maffilia,
But styes not there himselfe : Brutus maintaines
The sidge, and Cæsars first Sea-conquest gaines.*

Now had the winde-stuffide sailes brought
out the Fleet,
And all the Nauy on the Ocean set :
The Saylers all look'd to the Ionian Sea,
Onely great Pompey neuer turn'd his eye
From the Italian Coast, his Countreys shore,
And ports, that he shall neuer visit more :
Till the high cliffes no more for cloudes hee sees,
And the hilles lessening vanish from his eyes,
Sweet sleepe did then his weary limmes compose,
When Iulius through the cleft ground arose

In wofull wise, and with a funerall brand
 Seem'd fury-like before his face to stand,
 From the blest soules abode, th'Elisian field,
 To Stygian darknesse, and damn'd Ghosts exil'd
 Since this sad warre, I saw the Furies fire
 Their brands (quoth she) to mooue your wicked ire.
 Charon prepares more boates for soules to come,
 And hell's enlarged for tormenting roome.
 Three sisters speedy hands cannot suffice,
 For breaking threads has tyr'd the Destinies.
 Pompey, whilest mine, a life tryumphant led:
 Thy Fortunes changed with thy marriage bed:
 Strumpet *Cornelia*, damn'd by destiny
 To mine her great Lords, could marry thee,
 My funerall fire scarce out. Let her in flight
 Attend thee now, and through this ciuill fight
 Follow thy Standard, whilst I still haue power
 To breake your rest at euery sleepey hower.
 No howre giues freedom to your loues delight;
 The day holds *Cesar*, *Iulia* holds the night.
Lethe's dull waters made not me forget
 Thee husband, and hell princes did permit
 That I should follow thee, through both the hostes
 Ile rush, while thou art fighting: *Iulias* ghost
 Shall tell thee still whose Sonne in law thou art;
 Thinke not that warre shall this alliance part:
 This warre shall make vs meeete againe. This fed
 She through her fearefull lords embraces fled,
 He, though the gods by ghosts doe threaten, still
 Madder of warre, with sure preface of ill,
 Why are we feare'd (quoth he) with fancies vaine?
 Either no sense doth after death remaine,
 Or death is nothing. Now the setting Sunne
 To drowne as much of his bright Orbe begunne,
 As the Moone waxes, when after full she waines,
 Or growes neere full: *Dyrachium* entertaines

Behinde his lofty Chariot ; winning more
He lost those triumphs were deserv'd before,
No flocks of people now his comming greet
With ioy ; all feare his lookes ; none stand to meete
His troopes ; yet proud is he such feare to mooue,
And would not change it for the peoples loue.

Now Annurs steepest hills he had orepass't,
Where a moist path ore Pontine fennes is plac'd ;
Where the high wood does Scythian *Dian*' show :
Where to long *Alba* feasts the Consuls goe,
From an high rocke he viewes the towne afarre
Not seene before in all his Northren warre.
Then thus (admiring his Romes walls) he spake,
Could men not forc'd by any fight forsake
Thee the gods feare ? What City will they dare
To fight for ? here the gods their loues declare
That not the furious Easterne nations,
Pannonians, or swift Sarmatians,
Daci, or Getae invade thee : fortune spares
Thee Rome in this to send thee ciuill warres
Hauing so faint a chiefe. Then fearefull Rome
He enters with his Troopes ; they thinke him come
To fire and sacke the citie, not to spare
The gods themselues ; This measure had their feare.
They thinke hee'le doe what ere he can ; no songs,
No shoutes they counterfet in ioy full throngs ;
They scarce haue time to hate ; the fathers meet
In *Phaebus* Temple by no lawfull right
Of conuocation, from their houses fer
And lurking holes : the Consuls sacred seate
Was not suppli'de ; next them no Prætor fills
His roome, but empty stand those honor'd Sells.
Cæsar was all, the Senate sit to beare
Witnesse of priuate power, and grant what ere
He please to aske ; Crownes, Temples, their own blood
Or banishment, forme in this was good

He Blusht more to command, then Rome t'obey;
 But liberty in this durst make assay
 By one, if law could ouermaster force;
Metellus seeing the vast massy doores
 Of *Saturn's* temple ready to fly ope;
 Running enrag'd breaking through *Casars* troope,
 Before the yet vnopen'd doore he stay'd.
 (Only the loue of gold is not afraide
 Of death and threatening swords; the lawes are gone
 And broke without one conflict: wealth alone
 The worst of thinges had power this iarre to make)
 Staying the rapine thus the Tribune spake
 Aloud to *Cesar*; through this brest of mine
 The temple opes; no treasure shalt thou finde
 Robber, but what thou buyest with sacred blood;
 This office wrong'd will finde a vengefull God.
 A Tribunes curse pursuing *Crassus*, made
 A fatall Parthian warre; but draw thy blade:
 Let not the peoples eyes learne thee from this
 Thy wickednesse; the towne forsaken is:
 No wicked souldier from our treasuryes
 Shall pay himselfe; finde other enemyes
 To spoile, and conquer, other townes to giue,
 No neede can thee to this foule rapine driue;
 In me alone, *Cesar*, thou find'st a warre.
 These words incens'd the angry Conquerer;
 In vaine, *Metellus*, hop'st thou to obtaine
 A noble death (quoth he) we scorne to staine
 Our hand in such a throte; no dignity
 Makes thee worth *Casars* ire; must liberty
 Be san'd by thee? the fates confound not so
 All things, but that the lawes, rather then owe
 To thee their preservation, would be broke,
 And tane away by *Cesar*; thus he spoke;
 But when the temple doore the Tribune stout
 Is not, more angry growne, he looks about

On his keeneswords, to play the gowrie-man now
He had forgot, when Cotta ganne to woo
Metellus to giue ore his enterprife;
The freedome of men subiugated dyes
By freedoms selfe (quoth he) whose shadow thou
Shalt keepe, if all his proud commands thou doo.
So many vniust things haue conquer'd wee
Already suffred, and this now must be
Th'excuse t'our shame, and most degenerate feare
That naught can be deny'd; now let him beare
Away from hence these seeds of wicked warre,
Losse hurts those people that in freedome are,
Worst to the Lord is seruing pouerty.

Metellus is remou'd, and open'd be
The temple doores; all the Tarpeian hill
With horrid noise the broken hinges fill
And from the bottome of the temple there
The Roman peoples wealth, which many a yeare
Had not been toucht, which Carthage warres to vs,
And the two Kings *Philipp*; and *Persens*
Both conquer'd brought, is ranackt; gold they reawe
Which flying *Pyrrius* to thee, Rome, did leaue;
For which *Fabritius* would no traytour be,
What ere the veruous frugality
Of our forefathers had yere kept vnspend,
And *Asias* wealthy tributaryes sent,
What ere *Metellus* brought from conquer'd Crete,
And ore the seas from *Cyprus Cato* fect.
The spoiles of all the East, and treasures proude
Of captiue Kings; which *Pompey's* triumphs show'd
This temples impious robbing brought to passe
That Rome then first then *Caesar* poorer was.

Now had great *Pompey's* fortune drawne from all
The world strong nations with him selfe to fall,
Aide to the warre so neere first *Græcia* lends,
And *Cyrrha* on the Rocke; *Amphissa* sends

Her Phocian bands; Parnassus learned hill
From both her topps sends men; Boeotians fill
The campe, neere whome th' oraculous waters flow
Of swift Cephissus; men from Pila too;
And Theban Dirce, and where vnder sea
Alphæus sends his streames to Sicily
Th' Arcadians leaue their Mænalus, and from
Herculian Oeta the Trachinians come.
The Thesprotis came; and their now silent oake
Th' Epirotts neere Chaonia forsooke.
Athens, though wasted now with masters quite,
Yet leuyes men, and to this ciuill fight
Three Salamanian shippes sends from her fleet
To *Phæbus* dedicated; *Ioue*-lou'd Crete
From Gnosſus, and Gortina sends to th' field
Archers, that neede not to the Parthians yeild:
Souldiers from our Dardanian Oricum,
From Athamas; and from Enchelex come;
Fam'd for transformed Cadmus funeralls;
From Cokchos, where Abſyrtus foaming falls
Into the Adrian, those where Peneus flows;
He that Iolchos in Thessalia plowes;
Thence was the sea first try'd, when Argo bore
Those that first sailed to a forreine shore,
And first of all committed fraile mankind
To mercy of the raging sea and winde;
That shippes taught men a way vnkowne to dye;
From Thracian Aemus, and from Pholoe
Beely'd with Centaures; and from Strymon too,
From whence the birds to Nile in winter goe:
From barbarous Cone, where into the seas
Sixe headed Iſter doores one channell caſt
At Peuce, souldiers come; the Mysian,
And cold Caius washt Idalian,
Barren Arisbe helpe, and Pitane;
Celene by Apollons history

Condemn'd, that curst Minervaes fatall guift;
Where into crook'd Mæander Mariyas swift
Falling, there mingled backe againe dooes flow;
The land, that from gold-mines lets *Hermes* goe,
And rich Pactolus; those of Ilium
With Ilium's fate to falling *Pompey* come;
The tale of Troy, and *Cæsar's* pedigree
Drawne from *Iulus* could no hindrance bee.
The Syrian people from Orontes goe;
Windy Damascus, happy Minos too.
Gaza, and Idumæa rich in Palmes;
Instable Tyre; Sidon, whome purple flames:
These shippers bound to the warre the Cynosure
Guides straight along the sea; to none more sure,
Phœnicians, that (if fame we dare beleue)
To humane speech first characters did giue.
The riuers yet had not with paper learn'd
Ægypt; but caru'd beasts, birds, and stones present
Their magicke language. Taurus lofty wood
Forsoaken is; Taurus, where Perseus stood;
From Coricus digg'd from an hollow rocke,
Mallos, and *Ægæ* the Cilicians flocke
No Pirates now, but to a lust warre prest.
Fame of this warre had stirr'd the farthest east
Where Ganges is that only crosse dooes runne
Of all earth's riuers to the rising sunne,
And rowles his waues against the easterne winde.
Philips great Sonne there stay'd, was taught to finde
The world more large, then his ambitious minde
Conceiu'd it: and where double channell'd *Inde*
Feeles not Hydaspes mixture: Indians,
That sucke sweete liquor from their sugar-canes:
And those, whose haire with saffron is bedy'd,
Whose garments loose with colour'd gemmes are ty'd,
Those that aloue their funerall piles erect,
And leape into the flames helping & cresset

Fates worke; What glory they
No more, the remnant to the gods to giue?
Fierce Cappadocians, th' hardy Nations
Neare to Ammannus; the Armenians
Neare strong Niphates; the Coastres from
Their lofty woods, and the Arabians come
Into an vnknown world, wondring to see
Shaddowes of woods on the right hand to be,
Farthest Olostrians come to Romane Warre;
Carmanian Captaines too; who Southward farre
See not the set of the whole Northerne Beare;
By night but little shines *Bootes* there.
The *Æthiopian* land not scene at all
By any of the signes *Septentrional*
But crooked *Taurus* hoofe; those people too,
Whence great *Euphrates*, and swift *Tygris* flow
From one spring *Persis* sends them; 'tis vnknown
What name, should those two Channells meet in one,
They'd beare. *Euphrates* flowing on the fields
That profit there, that *Nile* in *Ægypt* yeelds.
But *Tygris* swallow'd by the gaping earth
Long hides his course: but at his second birth
Denies not to the Sea his new-borne flood.
Betwixt both *Campes* fierce *Parthians* neuters flood,
Content that they alone had caus'd this warre,
With poyson'd arrowes wandring *Scythians* farre
Come to the Campe, whom *Bactria* icy flood
Encloses, and *Hyrcania's* desert wood.
The valiant *Heniochian* Horsemen there
Sprung from the Spartan race: *Sarmatians* neere
To the fierce *Moschi*, where cold *Phasis* glides,
And *Colchos* richest pasture fields diuides,
Where *Halys* fatall to the Lydian King
Does flow; where *Tanais*, that drawes his Spring
From the *Rhiphaean* hills, and doth diuide
Europe from Asia, giue to each side

Where flow Maeotis driuen into the Seas,
Takes from the pillars of great *Hercules*
Their fame; denying that the *Gades* alone
Admit the Sea. Scythonian nations,
The valiant *Arians*, *Arimaspians*
With gold deck'd lockes, and swift *Gelonians*.
The *Massegets*, their thirst that satisfie
With the same horses bloods, whereon they fly.

Not *Cyrus* leading th' Easterne troopes, nor when
Xerxes by darts numbring his armed men
Came downe; nor *Agamemnon* bound to see
His brothers rauisht wife with that fam'd fleet,
So many Kings brought vnder their commands,
So many nations drawne from seuerall lands
Different in language, and attire; nor ere
Did Fortune bring so many men to beare
Part in a mighty ruine, making all
Sad obsequies at *Pompheys* funerall.
Marmaricke troopes the horned *Ammon* prest,
And all scorcht *Affricke* from the farthest West
To th' Easterne shore, send ayde, as farre as ly
The *Syrtes* gulfes; leaue *Cesar* seuerally,
And oft be troubled, here all nations
Pharfalia brings to be subdu'de at once.

Cesar now leauing fearefull Rome in hast
With his swift troupes the cloudy *Alpes* orepass;
But though his fame all people else affright,
Phocian Massylla dares yet keepe aright
Her faith, and farre from Greekish leuitie
The cause, the lawes, not Fortune followes thee;
But first of all they labour to assuage
With peacefull parley his vncurbed rage,
And stubborne minde: and to their foe now nigh
They send an Olive-bearing Embassy.

Let him *small* can true mention make,
He still was ready to pertake

The fate of Rome in any forreine warre:
And now if triumphs ouer nations farre
Cesar, thou seeke, to such a conflict take
These hands, and liues of ours; but if you make
Sad ciuill warre, then giue vs leaue to bend
To neyther side, and naught but teares to spend.
Let not our hands in wounds so sacred be:
If th' heavenly gods had ciuill enmity,
Or earth-borne Giants should assault the sky,
No aide to *Ioue* durst human pietie
By armes or prayers lend; their states about
We know not, but are bound to thinke that *Ioue*
Has thunder still; besides how many from
All nations now doe voluntaries come?
The slothfull world dooes not vice so abhorre
That you should need forc'd swords to ciuill warre.
Would euery people would this cause refuse,
And this sad warre no hands, but Roman vse.
Some hands would faulter at their fathers sight,
And brothers faintly would 'gainst brothers fight.
The warre will soone haue end, if forreine states
You vse not t' exercise their ancient hates.
Our humble sure is, that within our wall
Thou 'ldst trust thy selfe, and leaue behinde thee all
Thy threatning Eagles; let vs this obtaine
To shutt out warre, and *Cesar* entertaine.
Let this place free from guilt safely receiue
Thy selfe and *Pompey*, if fates please to giue
Peace to vnconquer'd Rome; here both may meete
Vnarm'd; but why, when danger did inuite
Thy warres to Spaine, turn'dst thou to vs aside?
Wee are of no auaille to turne the tide
Of your great warres; our armies haue prooued still
Vnfortunate, when for thee did exile

And Phocis sackt towres hither and thither
Here in a forraine coast, and weake wall'd towne
Safe haue we liu'd; our faith is our renowne
If thou intend seidge to our walles to lay,
Or through our gates t'enforce a speedy way,
In the defence we are resolu'd to dyes
And fury of the sword, and fire to try.
If thou direct our waters course, the ground
Weele digge, and like the puddle we haue found:
If foode should faile, flesh of our children slaine
(Fearefull to touch or see) our iawes should staine:
For liberty to suffer weele nor feare
What once Sagunum, when beliedg'd, could beare
In Carthage warre: our babes in vaine that strue
To sucke their mothers dry'd vp breasts, weele giue
Freely to th' fire: a wife shall sue for death
At her deare husbands hand: a brothers breath
A brothers hand shall stop: this euill warre
Weele choose o' th' two; so spoke th' embassador.
But *Cesar*'s troubled lookke his anger speakes
Before his words; but this at last: these Greekes
Vaine hope of our departure has posselt;
Though we were marching to the farthest West,
Yet haue we time to sacke Massilia.
Souldiers reioyce, fate meetes vs in the way
With warre; as windes in th' empty aire doe loose
Their force, vnlesse some strong growne oake oppose:
As mighty fires for want of fuell dye,
So want of foes breeds our calamity.
Our strength were lost vnlesse some durst stand out
To be subdu'd; but if I come without
My armes, they will receiue me; they desire
Not to exclude, but take me prisoner.
But they (forlooth) would faine that guile eschew
That followes ciuill warre; He make them all

Their asking peace, and know that nought can be
Safer then warre to those serue vnder me.
Then on he marches, the towne fearelesse shut
Their gates, and souldiers on the rampiers put.
Not farre off from the walles a hill there stood,
Whose top was like a field leuell and broad,
Which *Cesar* in surveying iudg'd to be
Safe for a campe, and fitt to fortify:
The townes neer'st part did an high castle raise
Acquall to th' hill; in middst a vally was.
Cesar resolues on a laborious thing,
To fill the valley, and together bring
Both hills; but first to shutt vp quire the towne
By land, from both sides his high campe brings downe
A long worke to the sea, a bulwarke rais'd
Of turfes, with rampiers on the top, and plac'd
In length, to cut all conuoyes from the towne.

This was a thing for euer to renowne
This Greeckish towne, to stay the violent course
Of this hot warre, not tane by suddaine force
Or feare; when *Cesar* all the rest ocrunne,
This cities conquest ask'd him time alone:
T'was much to stay his fates: fortune in hast
To make him lord of all the world did wast
Time at this seidge: no ground about the towne
The lofty woods are fell'd, large Oakes hew'n downe,
To fortify with posts the bulwarkes side,
Least earth too brittle of it selfe should slide
Away, not able the towers weight to beare.

A wood vntoucht of old was growing there,
Of thicke set trees, whose boughs spreading and faire,
Meeting obscured the endosed aire,
And made darke shades coiling *Phabus* rayes:
There no rude Fawne, nor wanton Siluan playes,
No Nymph disports: but cruell Deities
Claime barbarous rites, and bloody sacrifice.

Each tree's deſt'd with human blood it wees called
 Beleue traditions of antiquity
 No bird dares light ypon thoſe hallowed bowes
 No beaſts make there their den: no wind there
 Nor lightning fall's: a ſad religious awe
 The quiet trees vntouch'd by wind doe draw
 Blacke water currents from darke ſtainaines flow
 The Gods vnpollit Images doe know
 No art, but plaine, and formleſſe trunks they are
 Their moſſe, and mouldineſſe procures a ſcare
 The common figures of knowen Deities
 Are not to fear: not knowing what God is
 Makes him more awfull: by relation
 The ſhaken earths darke cauerneſſe off did grones
 Fall'n Yew-trees often of themſelues would riſe
 With ſeeming fire off flam'd the yburned trees
 And winding dragons the cold oakes embrace
 None giue neede worſhip to that balefull place
 The people leaue it to the Gods alone
 Whē black night reignes, or *Phoebus* guilds the noone
 The Preiſt himſelfe trembles aſtraide to ſpy
 Or finde this woods tutel'ar deity.

This wood he bids them fell: not ſtanding ſarre
 From off their worke, vntoucht in former warre,
 Among the other bared hills it ſtands
 Of a thicke growth, the ſouldiers valiant hands
 Trembled to ſtrike moou'd with the maieſty,
 And thinke the Axe from off the ſacred tree
 Rebouncing backe would their own bodies wound
 Th'amaſement of his men when *Caſar* ſound
 In his bold hand himſelfe an hatchet tooke
 And firſt of all assaults a lofty oake,
 And hauing wounded the religious tree
 Let no man feare to fell this wood (quoth he)
 The guilt of this offence let *Caſar* beare,
 The ſouldiers all obey, not voide of feare,

Life of Caesar Book 1
But ballancing the Gods and *Caesar's* crowne,
The knotty holmes, the tall wilde ashes downe,
Jones sacred Oake, *Alipat* building, *Alder* fallies,
And *Cypresse* worne as great mens funerallies,
Looſing their leaves, are ſuſt' to admit the day:
The falling trees ſo thick each other ſlay.
The *Gauls* lament to ſee the wood deſtroy'd;
But the beſieged towne ſince all oreign'd
Hope that the wronged Gods will vengeance take,
But gods oft ſpare the guiltieſt men, and make
Poore wretches only ſeele their vengeance hand.
When wood enough was fell'd, waines they command
From euery part; plowmen their ſeaſons looſe,
Whilſt in this worke ſouldiers their waimes diſpoſe.
But weary in this ſlingring warre to ſtay,
Before the walles *Caesar* goes farre away
To meeete his troupes in *Spaine*; his army ſtays
Before the towne: there laſty forties they raiſe,
And bulwarkes equalling the height o' the towne,
Which had in earth no fix foundation,
But rowled to and fro, the cauſe ynknowne;
The townesmen viewing this ſtrange motion,
Thought it ſome earthquake, where the ſtrugling wind
From the earth cauerne could no paſſage finde;
But much they wonder their owne walles ſtand faſt;
From thence againſt the towne their piles they caſt,
But the *Greekes* miſſill weapons did more harme
To *Caesar's* men, ſent from ſo feeble arme,
But mighty engines with a whirlewindes might,
Theſe not content one breſt alone to ſplit
Through many bodyes, bones, and armours cleave,
Not looſing in one wound their ſtrength, and leaue
Behinde them many deaths; but when they throw
Great maſſy ſtones, the mortall force is ſo
As from a mountaine to a falling rocke,
Which the wonder ſee, and ruining time has broke.

Not only killes what man so ere it dash,
But euery limme dooes into peices pass.
But when with fence of shields conioined all
The sheltred souldiers could approach the wall,
Their heads all couer'd like a fishes shell,
Those darts, and stones fye ouer them, which fell
With danger on their heads before; but now
The Greekes at such small distance could not throw,
Nor th'engine change, content with weight alone
On their foes heads they rowle downe heavy stones:
But while the fence did last, hurtlesse did all
Their stones, and darts, like haile on houses fall,
Vntill the townsmens teased valour broke
(When Casar's men were tir'd with often strokes)
The fence, and did their ioyned shields diuide:
Then did a thin earth-couerd worke proceede,
Vnder whose couert those that lay did fall
To worke in vndermining of the wall.
Sometimes the back-forc'd ramme did strongly drive
Forward, the well compacted wall to rive,
But from aboue with fires, with often stroakes
Of broken barres, flakes, and fire-hardend oakes
They force the fence; the worke broke downe & vaine
The souldiers tir'd fly to their campe againe.
The Greekes then fallie forth, not satish'd
That their walles safely stand, and fireworkes hide
Vnder their armes; no mortall bow nor speare
Armes the bold youth, but flaming fire they beare,
Which with swift wings into the Roman trench
The strong windes carry: nought has power to quench
Or slacken it; the wood though greene dissolues,
And in black cloudes of smoake the aire inuolues;
But fire all peices of the buildings take,
Not only wood, but stones, and rockes doe cracke,
And moulder into ashes: greater now
The falling bulwarkes in their ruines show.

The conquer'd now loosing all hope by land
Resolue the hazard of Sea-fight to stand:
Their ships fore-decke no gilded names adorne,
But timber plaine, such as the woods had borne
Growing, make stations firme for Nauall fight,
Now downe the streame of Rodanus the fleet
From Stechas comes to sea, and there attends
Brutus Prætorian ship: Massilia sends
Her ymost strength to tryall of the Warre;
Old men, and bearded boyes all armed are.
The Fleet then ready on the Ocean
Was rigg'd, and old worne ships repair'd againe,
Now when the sky is cleare, and his bright rayes
One the calme Sea the rising Sunne displays:
The North and Southerne windes their fury spare,
And leaue the calmed Ocean fit for warre:
Both Nations rowing from their stations meete,
Here the Cæsarian, there the Græcian Fleete,
With oft and lusty strokes of Rowers from
The hauens trembling the great Gallies come,
The hornes of Cæsar's fleet Gallies that bore
Three Oares aside, and some that went with foure
Or more did make, themselves opposing so
In front; behinde them smaller vessels go,
Liburnian Gallies with two Oares content.
Conioyn'd in forme of an halfe Moone they went,
Brutus Prætorian galley swept the Sea
Like a vaste house, then th' rest more high was set,
And row'de with sixe strong Oares one a side,
But when so little Sea-moone did diuide
Both Fleets, as that one stroak would make them meet,
Numberlesse voyces the vaste ayre did greet,
Plowing the Seas Souldiers loud shouts quite drown'd
The noyse of rowing, and shrill Trumpets sound.
Then sweep they the blew waues: the rowers seat
Themselves against the breasts strong stroaks they sit
Ships

Ships against ships, beakes meeting beakes rebound,
And runne a sterne; the ayre is darkned round
With flying darts, which falling th' Ocean hide,
Then turning their forecastles farre more wide
They make their Hornes & engine the aduerser Electro,
As when strong windes with tides repugnant meete,
One way the Sea, the waves another go,
These Ships vpon the furrow'd Ocean fo
Make differend traicts, and waves vpon the maine,
Which oares raile, the Sea beat downe againe,
But the Greeke vessells were more nimble farre
Either to flye, or turne about the warre,
They could without long tedious turning well
Themselves, and quickly to the sterne could yeeld
The Roman ships slow keel'd would firmly stand,
And lend sure footing like a fight by land
The master then of his Pratorian ship
Brutus bespake, why dost thou let them slip
Leaue thy Sea tricks and ioyne the battells close,
'Gainst the Phocaecke stemmes our ships oppose
He straight obeyes, and turns his owne broad side
Against their stemmes; what ship so ere they try
T' encounter her, with her owne stroke orecome
Sticke fast, and is surprisde; they hooke in some,
With oares some, some they with chaines hold fast
On the seas couer'd face the warre is plac'd,
No brandisht fauelins manage now the warre,
No dartsed Steele bestowing wounds from farre
Hands ioyne with hands, and in this Nauall fight
The sword acts all: in their owne ships vpriht
They face their foes prone strokes; some fall downe
In their owne ships; dy'd is the Ocean,
And the waves stiffen'd with congealed blood:
Ships hook'd together could not meet, withstood
By falling carcases; some halfe-dead sink,
And their awne blood mixt with salt water drinke

Some that desire their struggling liues to keepe
Fall in the ruines of their broken shippes
Iauelins, that mist the aime they did extend
Fall in the sea, and finish there their end
Finding there bodyes to receiue a wound

A Roman shippe by Greekes enuiron'd round
Fights stiffely still, on left hand, and on right
Maintaining long gainst all a doubtfull fight
Vpon whose lofty dekke whilst *Teser* bold
Striued a seized Grecian flagge to hold
Two darts together sent together split
His breast and backe, and in the middle meet
The blood not knowing yet which way to runne
Makes stand; but out at last both darts are throwne
He in two wounds his dying soule diuides
Hither his shippe whilst haplesse *Teser* guides
Then whome none better on a boistrous sea
Could guide a shippe, none better knew then he
To morrow's weather, if the Sunne he spy'd
Or Moone, and could for future stormes provide
He with his stemme a Roman shippe had broke
But through his heart a trembling iavelin strooke
The shippe turnes off following his dying band
Gyarus leaping to his friend's command
Straight with a Roman iavelin strongly sung
Was slaine, and to the shippe fast nailed hung

Two twinnes stand vp their fruitfull mothers fame
That from one wombe with fates farre different came
(Death parts them: their sad parents rest of one
Without mistaking know their liuing sonne
Whose lookes the cause of lasting sorrow keepe
And make his friends for his slaine brother weepe)
One of those twinnes from his Greeke shippe was bold
Vpon a Roman keele to lay strong hold
But from aboue a stroke cut off his hand
Which in the place did still fast bended stand

And

And kept the hold ; the nemies more stiffe became
By death ; his courage by this noble maim
Was rais'd, and greater by this accident
His valiant left hand gainst his foes he bent,
And rushes on his lost right hand to reach,
But that (alas) another sword did fetch
Off by the shoulder : now both hands were gone,
Nor sword, nor target could he wield, yet downe
He did not sinke, but naked-breasted stood
Formost to saue his armed brothers blood,
And there all darts, all wounds, that were ordain'd
For many deathes, one dying breast contain'd,
And then his soule fleeing so many wayes
He recollects, and in his tir'd limmes staves
That little strength, and blood was left, to skippe
Before his death into the Roman shippe
His enemies by weight alone t'opprelle,
For now the ship laden with carcasses,
And full of blood, bor'd through the side had beene,
And through her leakes drinking the water in
Was fill'd vp to the hatches ; sinking then
It turn'd the face of the neere Ocean :
The waters to the sinking shippe gaue way,
And in her roome clos'd vp againe. That day
Miraculous fates the Ocean did behold.

An iron hooke throwne to lay violent hold
Vpon a shippe, on *Lycidas* did light,
Drown'd had he beene, but his friends hinder'd it,
And on his lower parts caught hold, in two
The man was pluckt : nor did his blood spin flow
As from a wound, but gushing in one spout
From all his broken vaines at once scroul:
Into the Sea falls his life-carrying blood,
Neuer so great a passage open stood
To let out any soule, life straight forsakes
His lower halfe, since vitall parts it lacks :

But in his vpper halfe (since in that part)
Lay the soft lungs, and life sustaining heart,
Death stayes awhile, and findes repugnancy,
Nor at one time could all his members dy.

The men, that mann'd one ship, eager of fight
All pressing to one side leaue empty quite
The other side : whose weight occurr'd the ship,
Which topsie turuy sinking downe did keepe
The Saylers vnder water, all of them
Were drown'd, nor could their armes haue room to
One horrid kind of death that day was scene, (swimming
A young man swimming was, whose breast betwene
Two meeting Ships sharpe stemms was bored through
The brazen stemmes through bones and flesh did goe,
And made a noyse, his squeezed belly sent
Vp through his mouth blood mixt with excrement,
But when the ships diuide themselves againe,
The body throwne into the Ocean,
The water through his bored bosome came,
Now in the Sea shipwrack'd Massilians swame
Towards their fellowes ship to saue their liues
But that already overburden'd struiues
To keepe her friends (though thus distressed) out,
And from aboue with swords the Souldiers cut
Their armes, when hold vpon the ship they lay :
Then downe againe into the Sea fall they
Leauing their hands behinde : the Ocean
Can now no longer their maim'd trunks sustaine,
But now when all the souldiers darts were gone,
Fury finds weapons ; Oares by some are throwne
Against their foes ; with a strong arme, The mast
Do some teare downe, and in their fury cast :
Some teare the Saylers seates ; borders from the decke
Some throwe : for weapons they their ships to breake
Some wanting swords their friends dead bodies spoile
From his owne ship one drawes the mortall Pile,

With

To keepe in blood and strength, till he had flung
The lauelin at his foe, then lets it runne,

But nothing wrought so much destruction
At Sea as Seas opposed element

The fire, which wrapt in vinctuous stufte was sent,
And sulphur balles, the ships apt fuell were,
Their pitch, and melting waxe tooke easily fire:
Nor now could water quench th'vnuly flame,

Fragments of broken ships still burning swammer
Into the sea to quench his fire one skips,
For feare of drowning to the burning ships

Another cleaues: that death, that was most neare
Among a thousand deaths, they most did feare,
Nor did their shipwrack'd valour idle liue:

Darts floating on the waues they take and gine
Their fellows in the ship, or on the seas
Themselues those darts (though feeble) exercise.

When weapons want, the Seas their weapons be
Foes grasping foes together gladly dy.

But in that fight one Phocian did excell:
To search the Seas he vnder water well

Could keepe his breath: diue to the lowest sands,
And loosen fastned anchors with his hands.

He grappling with a foe downe in the maine
Had suncke and drown'd him, and himselfe againe

Safe, and a conquerour rose: but rising found
Ships in his way, and so at last was drown'd.

Some with their armes on their foes oares lay hold
To stay their flight: deare as they could they sold

Their liues: some wounded, to keepe off the blowes
From their friends ships, their bodies enterpose.

Tyrhennus standing on the decke aloft
Lydamus with a Balearicke shaft

Wounded: the ponderous lead his temples broke,
His falling eyes their hollow seate forsooke,

The

The Opticke nerves, and ligaments were broke:
He now starke blinde amazed at the stroke
Thinks this to be deaths darkenesse, finding than
That all his limmes their perfect strength retaine,
Fellowes (quoth he) place me where I may throw
A Pile, and plant me as you vse to doe
Engines of warre: this little life that now
Remaines, *Tyrrenus*, on all hazzards throw;
This body, though in part already dead,
Will serue for warrelike vses, and instead
Of men aliue take wounds; Thus hauing spoke
In his blind aymelesse hand a Pile he shooke,
And threw it not in vaine, which as it light
Below his belly noble *Argus* hit,
Whose weight now falling made it further glide,
Argus vnhappy Sire on tother side
The beaten ship then stood (to none would he,
When he was young, in seates of Chiuallry
Giue place, his strength is now by age decay'd,
And he no Souldier but a patterne made)
He seeing his Sonne fall with trembling step
Stumbling along came to that side the ship,
And finding there the body panting yet
No teares fell from his cheekes, nor did he beat.
His woefull breast; His hands now stiffe were grown,
And all his ioynts cold numnesse seizes on:
A suddaine darknesse closes vp his eyes,
That he discernes not *Argus*, whom he sees,
Argus his dying head began to reare,
And feeble necke seeing his Father there
Speathlesse, yet seem'd in silence to demand
A kisse, and to inuite his Fathers hand
To close his dying eyes; but the old man
Free from amaze, when bloody griefe began
To recollect his strength, I will not loose
That time (quoth he) that angry Fate bestowes.

Pardon

Pardon thy wretched father, that from thee
Argus, and from thy last embrace I flee;
 Thy wounds warme blood yet signes of life do giue;
 Th' art but halfe dead, and yet a while mayest liue:
 Ile goe before thee Sonne: these words exprest,
 And with a bloody sword piercing his brest
 He leapt into the sea, hastning to death
 Before his dearest Sonne: his fleeting breath
 Vnto one single kinde of Destiny
 He durst not trust. Now great Commanders dy;
 And now no longer doubtfull is the fight,
 Some of the Greekes are sunke: by hasty flight
 Some get into the haue; others beare
 (Changing their loade) the Roman Conquerer.
 But now sad Parents mourning fill the towne:
 The shore with mothers lamentation
 Did ring; instead of her deare husbands face
 A weeping wife mistaken did embrace
 A Roman; Fathers funerall rites to giue
 About their Sonnes deformed bodies strue.
 But *Brutus* Conquerer on the Ocean
 To *Cæsar*'s side first nauall honour wanne.

FINIS Libri tertii.

Annotations on the third Booke.

(a) *Cæsar* had sent *Caius Fabius* his Lieutenant with
 three Legions into Spaine to dislodge *Affranius* a Lie-
 tenant of *Pompey*'s in the Pyrenean straights. And now
 himselfe, leaving *Caius Trebonius* to besiege *Malsilia*
 by Land, and *Decius Brutus* to besiege it by Sea, goes
 with 900. horse into Spaine to *Fabius* his Campe.

And now no longer doubtful is the sign
 Some of the Greekes are runne: by daily sight
 Some get into the hands: others have
 (Changing their load) the Roman Conqueror
 But now, and further onwards till the tower
 The host with more than Janus
 Dispersed, in all of these husbands laid
 A weeping wife, and a mourning
 A Roman, Tair, and a mourning
 About their bones, and a mourning
 The Roman Conqueror
 To carry, the host, and a mourning



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Annotations on the third Book.

(a) Caesar had sent Caius Fabius his lieutenant with
 three legions into Spain to oppose Africanus a line-
 ment of Pompey's side. Fabius however did not
 himself, leaving Caius Trebonius to oppose Mallius
 at land, and Decius Brutus to oppose in by sea, sent
 with good haste into Spain to Fabius his Camp.

